



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 27 – Number 5

September 2009

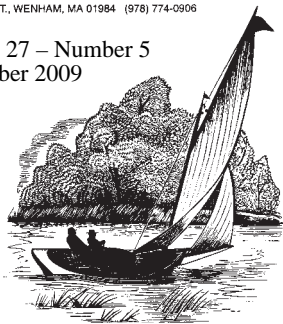
**Special Features This Issue**  
“Remembering Phil Bolger... As We Knew Him”  
“Starvation... Sagebrush Sailing for Select Sailors”  
“Wooden Boat Show 2009” – “Looking Back”



# **messing about in BOATS**

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Volume 27 – Number 5  
September 2009



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



We were back at Mystic Seaport in late June, three weeks after the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, to take in the WoodenBoat Show. While the Show is a far larger and more comprehensive gathering of wooden boats and their builders and owners, I find myself preferring the smaller scale small craft gathering for its more personal and non-commercial ambience. If I were not interested in covering the show for publication I probably would not go. This does not imply disappointment with the show itself but rather it is an expression of where I have come to after 30 years of messing about in boats, 26 of them publishing this magazine.

Boat shows are useful and necessary commercial ventures, bringing together people in the business of boating in all its aspects and potential buyers of their goods and services. Our first visit to a boat show was in the late '70s when we attended the Newport Sailboat Show, as we were at that time contemplating buying a sailboat to indulge my new midlife interest in sailing. It was there that we fell in love with Edey & Duff's Stonehorse which, at around \$12,000 (as I recall) was way beyond our resources. Even though it was a fiberglass replica it stimulated my interest in wooden boats, resulting after a while in our buying a wooden 23' Ralph Winslow cutter that remarkably resembled the Stonehorse.

When a wooden boat show was organized in Newport in 1982 (not by the magazine) we had our next show visit. In the interim I had acquired an interest in traditional small craft from attending the Small Craft Workshops each June at Mystic Seaport and this time I went to help out at the exhibit for our local Peabody Museum where our traditional small craft club (not at the time affiliated with the TSCA) met.

A year later we were back at the same show, now with our own exhibit for our newly launched magazine, looking for subscribers and advertisers. The recollection that endures is being next to the Hammond Organ man who played the same few tunes incessantly throughout the whole three-day show. Since then we exhibited in dozens of boat shows. The original wooden boat show went down after several years from lack of trade support, the Small Boat Show was launched by *Small Boat Journal*, and after that expired along with the magazine, *WoodenBoat* magazine undertook to resurrect a wooden boat show, which is still with us. And every March for a dozen years we'd be at the Maine Boatbuilders' Show.

After years of being at these shows the thrill was fading. We never did much business, people do not go to boat shows to buy magazine subscriptions, but we did enjoy meeting many readers. A few years ago we ceased to participate as exhibitors but still take in the WoodenBoat Show as journalists, and even had a look at the Maine Boats & Harbors Show.

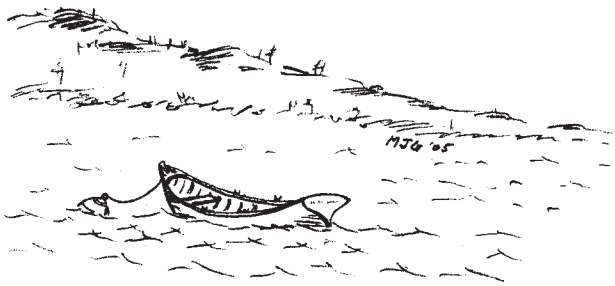
This year we spent Friday at Mystic and my impressions are featured elsewhere in this issue. It was a pleasant day, the eight hours we spent there passed swiftly but one day was enough. In addition to gathering news that might be of interest for publication, we re-connected with many people we've come to know in the trade, always a pleasure. It's still a very personal business for most exhibitors with a refreshing lack of commercial hustle. This makes a day spent an enjoyable social occasion for those with no intention of buying anything, just looking and dreaming and talking with builders about their boats.

## In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Reviews
- 7 Remembering Phil Bolger
- 14 WoodenBoat Show 2009
- 19 Chesapeake Float
- 20 Starvation
- 23 Cruising the James
- 24 The Charm of It
- 26 A Wild Ride on Salt Creek
- 28 A Canoe Voyage
- 30 A Lifetime on the Water – 15
- 32 Beyond the Horizon
- 34 Looking Back
- 37 Robb White
- 38 25 Years Ago in *MAIB* – This Cat Can Carry the Canvas
- 40 Garret Archeology
- 41 *Toothpick* Restored and Re-Lauched
- 42 Native Boat Building on the Nile
- 43 With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers – The Launching of *Jenya Tan*
- 44 Designs from *The Rudder* – 18' Knockabout
- 45 Soft Tie-Downs for Car Topping
- 45 Glen L Top Ten Designs – #4 TNT
- 46 Bad Plumbing
- 46 The Stowaway
- 47 Big Little Ship or Little Big Ship?
- 48 Rambling Winter Thoughts From Maine
- 49 Is She a Rare Antique?
- 50 From the Lee Rail
- 51 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

## On the Cover...

While touring the WoodenBoat Show taking photos prior to getting into details I came upon this well-used sharpie docked way out behind the shipyard. I do not know if it was a part of the show or a Seaport visitor and never got back to inquire but it grabbed me with its workboat condition, a far cry from the glossy wooden boats on display. I always liked tractors and trucks as a kid.



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Off to Pine Island today, late summer. No wind, of course, this time of year so motored all four miles. Tossed our anchor into the drink and ravished the hamper for lunch. Then a short nap and headed homeward again. Breeze threatened familiarly, so put up main and genny. They began to draw but, after 20 minutes the wind fell foul, finally died, and we took our canvas in. Motored home the whole way.

A perfectly uneventful cruise but delightful in its way. This time of year one doesn't expect much wind. Everyone awaits the autumn and steady winds to carry them off adventuring.

Scrubbed the bilge and made a partition for the chain locker this week to ensure the rode doesn't sprawl about the vee berth and get entangled. A serious consideration should one's life depend on getting the anchor out without confusion. Only one's life depends on it, nothing important.

Also put up a towel rack. Little things add up to make life aboard not only safe and endurable but convenient.

Discovered that Noank Shipyard, up the river, will pump my tank for a measly \$5. This, after trying to raise the government pump-out boat for over an hour.

The Littlest Pusslet came for a sail again. She seemed placid and accommodating, maybe the motion of the boat prevented her from expressing any longing for dry land. She shied away from venturing into the cockpit until I took her topsides and let her look about. She wanted to bury her face in my arm until I showed her a rope's end. Then she consented to play and be a kitten. At least she hadn't any incentive to dive overboard and swim home.

Tuned into the VHF and listened to a man and a woman on separate boats discussing their courses and the aids to navigation on their charts. Neither seemed really sure about what they read or saw or thought they should have been doing.

"Are you taking that next mark to starboard?"

"You mean that one a mile ahead where that boat is anchored, fishing?"

"Is that what they're doing?"

"That's the red mark, right? That bell sort of thing?"

"Yeah, I guess that's the one. Which side of it are you going?"

"I think we ought to go to the left. That is, if that mark's the entrance to that harbor where we're going."

"I guess so. Can you see it? There's a sailboat passing in front of it now."

"You mean that sloop?"

"Is that what you call it? I thought a sloop had two masts."

"I don't know. Just in front of that big white house on the shore."

"The one with all the trees in the yard, or the other one?"

"Which other one?"

After a while, one wonders how these people ever get home. What do they do if no one cooks their supper or brings them their slippers? Maybe this is the couple that persists in trying to make their landings sideways into their slip. We take their line and fend them off and accept their thanks that we know are offered sincerely. As long as they don't run into our boat more than twice a year we can deal with them.

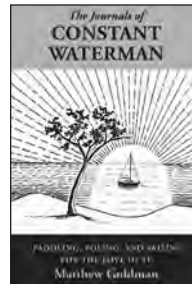
Our guiding rule has always been when large, immovable objects such as pilings approach, proceed slowly. Coming into our slip at half a knot, nothing too preposterous can go wrong. We seldom grudge acquainting our rail with a piling at half a knot. Acquaintances we've made in a hurry have sometimes proved more abrasive.

Having The Pusslet aboard always reminds us to take our boating seriously. Nothing can have worse repercussions than slopping The Pusslet's milk.

## BOOKS FOR MESSERS



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# You write to us about...

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Trip Down Memory Lane

What an unexpected surprise in the July issue. It was so much fun to re-read "The Find." After Ed and I read it last night we had a lot of laughs (and tears) remembering all the good times we have had (and continue to have) with the boats we've adopted.

Boats have become such a large part of our history as a couple and a family. Our daughter and her husband are following in our footsteps. She has restored a little skiff and they, and we, have restored a little houseboat that we all use at the end of the Parker River. We live next to the Parker River now in a little hunting cottage we restored, so are lucky to have the "River" available to try out the boats.

Ed designed and built a two-person kayak, *Dragonfly*, a few years ago, which also sails. It has two masts (sprit rig) and beautiful tanbark sails that he had made in Virginia by Dabblers.

I am working on another one of our adventures of restoration, a 1950s Gloucester fishing boat built by Llewellyn Selig that had gone into disrepair. We bought it, restored it, and turned it into a liveaboard a number of years ago that we, in fact, did live on for a year.

Thank you so much for the trip down memory lane.

Sue and Ed Hammer, Newbury, MA



## Information of Interest...

### The Latest From the Marine Trades

The following articles are from last April's *Boating Industry Newsletter*:

- More Than Half of Marine Industry Unemployed
- Boat Repo Firm Breaking Sales Records
- MMA Discontinues Three Boat Shows
- Dealer Feedback Drives Brunswick Model Year Delay
- New Boat Inventory Levels Keep Falling
- BRP Secures New Retail-Financing Options
- Sea Ray Launches Inventory Web Site

Powerboat Sales Trend Continues (Down)  
Gas Prices Unlikely to Impact Boat Usage

Malibu Boats Sets The Record Straight  
Philip Thiel, Seattle, WA

## Information Wanted...

### Boat Needed for B-17 Starter Engine

I have an old V-2 10hp Boeing B-17 starter engine (which sat in the tail and ran a generator which started the first radial which then started the other three) and the drive line out of the boat it was originally in, which was a planing hull inappropriate for the small hp. Could you suggest a simple-to-build displacement design which I might build to use the engine, drive line, clutch (homemade), propeller and rudder?

Or would someone have a wooden boat for cheap in which I could use the engine and other parts (not too far from Helena, Montana, maybe in eastern Washington)?

I can also use either a rudder or the plans for one to fit my 14' C-Lark (Clark Boat Co).

Bill Trumbull, PO Box 162, Ft Harrison, MT 59636, remeandjoe@yahoo.com

## Opinions...

### Quality Time

I'm still enjoying *MAIB* and always look forward to the next issue and your comments. Although age is catching up with me (I keep trying to outrun it) I'm still sailing, albeit a bit more cautiously... carefully... slowly... no genoa, etc.

The article I submitted for this issue ("The Charm of It") I wrote to express not only my joy in sailing but also to express a slightly different opinion about boating from some I have read recently in *MAIB*. As the Rat points out in *The Wind in the Willows*, "quality time" is not only that spent on the water in good weather, but is also most of the time spent fussing over boats, even if it's someone else's, whatever kind of boat it happens to be, and even if it is a long way from the water. It is another side of the boating story which you and most readers already know.

Joe Bohnaker, El Paso, TX

## Projects...

### Building Take-Apart Kayak

I'm currently trying to build a leak-proof wooden 13' take-apart kayak. I built it in one piece and it water tested leak-proof and tracked straight. Now I must cut it into three parts, a hard thing to do, cutting up a good kayak. I'll let you know how it all comes out.

Bob McAuley, Woodridge, IL



### Birdwatcher Sail Trials Soon

We held off on the sail trials of our Birdwatcher until we get settled in our new place. We did use it as a powerboat at Cedar Key this year so the bottom has been wet.

Just bought Robb's *Flotsam and Jetsam*, a great read.

Rex and Kathy Paine, FL



## This Magazine...

### The Most Personal Publication

I continue to delight in *MAIB*, especially since summer is here and this off-duty teacher can actually indulge in some of the fantasies that reading it inspires all winter.

I hope that Bruce Barbarasch's letter ("A New Approach" on page 5 of July's issue) was not a tip of a larger iceberg. I wrote my Big Row story for family and friends who had an interest in keeping track of the adventure from preparation to post-row reflection and you took an experienced editor's chance in printing it (almost) in its entirety. I well recall you telling me last summer in Clayton that you intended to do so because my story might appeal to readers contemplating a similar adventure, those who might enjoy a personal narrative of a dreamer who saw almost as much adventure in making the commitment to the journey as on the journey itself.

I see Bruce's point but I am not entirely sympathetic towards it. I love your publication precisely because of the variety of voices, both "charming" and technical, that it offers. I'm not disturbed when I find offerings at a buffet that don't especially appeal to me, I simply move on to build a satisfying meal. Your monthly buffet always satisfies, even if every dish is not exactly aligned with my own palate.

The composite of each *MAIB* is always a treat, and rather than being offered the kind of highly filtered, sanitized, commercial pap that is all too available elsewhere, I often feel that I am reading "original text" and have the opportunity to think, savor, and react (or move on) without an overly heavy editorial hand leading the way. Yours is the most "personal" publication I read each month and I applaud your willingness to let us assess interest and merit for ourselves. I hope enough others share this view so as to encourage you to continue your liberal editorial track.

"More editing with a focus on creating coherent, high quality articles," as Bruce suggests, is out there in many other forms and

formats. But many readers and, I hope, your readership at large, recognize that a publication offering expansive, diverse articles that transcend the boat and invite engagement is, in fact, "high quality" in an unconventional way. I, for one, appreciate your implicit trust in us as readers.

What I lament is Bruce's suggestion that "more discriminating" readers "under 40" are likely to be less attracted to the variety offered by *MAIB*. I hope that you do not succumb to this fuzzy logic and what I believe to be a gross generalization of demographics (and intellect). Perhaps he's on to something... that younger readers want their "discriminating" done for them as so much of today's media is all too happy to do. This dinosaur only hopes he can hang on to *MAIB* as presented as a vestige of what truly enjoyable, theme-based varietal reading (and thinking) can be.

I just finished a 240-mile row from Baltimore to the Tidal Basin in DC in my guideboat, an enjoyable row which is blogged at [www.mrfreierowstowashington.blogspot.com](http://www.mrfreierowstowashington.blogspot.com). The upstream, upwind, rain-flooded Potomac leg was a bear... an evil 'lil brother to the Delaware! This takes me over 1,000 miles (and almost \$30,000 raised) over the last three years. When I get a hard copy of the books that will inevitably come from these last two adventures (last year's Erie Canal and this summer's "Mr Frei Rows to Washington"), I'll pass 'em along to you. What you might (or might not) do with them is your editorial call. Just don't go changin' the rest of your great stew!

Al Freihofer Baltimore, MD

**Editor Comments:** I want to reiterate here that just because I publish letters critical of what the magazine is, or suggesting changes in it, does not mean I am necessarily adopting the suggestions or heeding the criticisms. I am quite content with the overall ambience of the magazine and have no ambitions to re-make it into some new, whizzier format.

#### Researchers Rejoice

Ever since I subscribed I have clipped articles to save for my own edification and amusement or to pass along to friends. I'm sure I am not alone in this.

It would be helpful for those of us who do this if each page carried on the bottom of each page alongside the page number, *MAIB* and the issue date so the issue from which it was clipped could be cited for future access.

Gordon Napier. Westerly, RI

**Editor Comments:** My daughter tells me this is no problem so I am happy to adopt the suggestion beginning in this issue. So you see I am not entirely closed to suggestions!

#### I Learned From *MAIB*

I appreciate *MAIB*. I have been a subscriber since 1996. I lived in Niceville, Florida, when I first subscribed. I met you one year at the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic. I was first introduced to Pete Cullers' books by *MAIB*. I was able to row and scull one of Pete's boats that year at Mystic. One visitor complimented my boat (Pete's boat). I said thank you, rather than try to explain it.

From *MAIB* I learned about John Gardner, Phil Bolger, Harold Payson, and others. I still enjoy the writings of Robb White because I had similar boyhood experiences as he did as I grew up on the Gulf Coast of Florida. I miss reading about those guys who have passed on or have grown too old to write. I hope you will discover more designers and writers like these guys.

Larry O. Williams, Shirley AR

#### Learned About from *MAIB*

This photo is of my wife Cheddy in her kayak as we were about to embark on paddling on Richardson Lake in Maine, absolutely beautiful country we learned about from one of the paddling stories you published.

I want to thank you for many, many years of entertainment on the pages of *MAIB*. My vision is now becoming limited by glaucoma and I can no longer read the small type so am regretfully not renewing.

Fred Moller, Wells, VT



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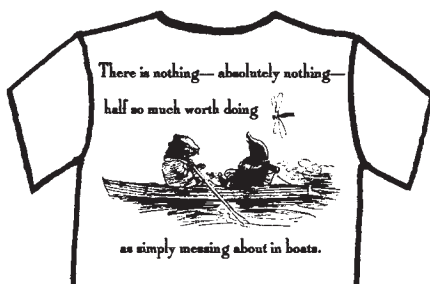
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## Book Reviews

### *The Alphabet Fleet* *The Pride of the* *Newfoundland Coastal Service*

By Maura Hanrahan  
 Flanker Press Ltd, St John's, NL —\$19.95

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

When Newfoundland's Alphabet Fleet was created in 1898 it caused a political firestorm as many felt the contract between the Newfoundland government and the ships' owner, Robert G. Reid, was too lucrative. But it did not take long before these coastal boats became a well-liked part of life along the isolated coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador.

This book tells the story of Newfoundland's coastal boats during the 1898 to 1960 time period when the fleet was nicknamed the Alphabet Fleet. The boats were all built in well-known Scottish shipyards and each boat was given a well-known Scottish place name ending in "e." There were 13 boats in all beginning with the *Argyle* and the last boat was *Meigle*. The letter J was not used and there were two boats named *Bruce*, the *SS Bruce* and the *SS Bruce II*.

These were all good looking, well built vessels which served the isolated towns along the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. The accommodations and the food were very good. They carried all types of freight and manner of people in all kinds of weather to wherever was needed. The boats became an integral part of the fabric of life along coastal Newfoundland during this time period.

The book describes the vessels in detail, the people who operated them, stories of the voyages both the good and some quite hair-raising and stories of rescues and heroics performed by the vessels and their crew.

It is all a very interesting maritime history, well written by author Maura Hanrahan, from the fleet's beginning to its end in the late '50s with the rapid decline in shipping which caused the loss of the boats. It was the completion of the Trans-Canada Highway across the island of Newfoundland that sealed the fate of the coasters.

Today there are still a small number of coastal boats which serve the communities isolated from the road system along Newfoundland's south coast and Labrador's north and south coasts where people live as most rural Newfoundlanders and Labradorians did for decades. They order their winter supplies well ahead of time and rush to the dock to receive them when the coastal boat comes in sight.

This book has 238 pages total, 74 pages of interesting photos, 15 appendices, a glossary, acknowledgements, bibliography, and an index.

### *Small Boats* *on Green Waters*

Edited by Brian Anderson  
 Breakaway Books — \$15  
 PO Box 24, Halcottsville, NY 12438

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

I have just finished my supper and am looking forward to a piece of pie. The pie comes, it's my favorite, but instead of a full piece I am served only one good bite. Then they bring me a second bite of another favorite pie, and again a third bite of another very good pie. This book is like that, 38 short stories or chapters, and when each is finished I wish I had the rest of the book the story came from.

The stories are about people with small boats on inland and coastal waters with a few stories of people in larger boats and deeper water. Here are a several examples:

"On the Meuse" from *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe*, 1866, by John MacGregor.

"Rowboat," 2006, by Peter H. Spectre.

"A Cub-Pilots Experience" from *Life on the Mississippi*, 1883, by Mark Twain.


"The Cruise of the *Mascot*" from *The Boy, Me and the Cat*, 1912, by Henry Plummer.

"Northward to Seymour Inlet" from *The Curve of Time*, 1968, by M. Wylie Blanchet.

"Pleistocene Creek" from *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, 1999, by Robb White Jr.

"Farley Mowat Buys a Boat" from *The Boat Who Wouldn't Float*, 1969, by Farley Mowat.

All very enjoyable reading by great writers filling 340 pages. The book's editor, Brian Anderson, prefaces each story with background information on the story's author and some comments on the story itself. This is a very good book, one that will be hard to put down once opened and a guarantee (mine) that you will read it more than once. This is a real messing about in boats book.



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## Remembering Phil Bolger... As We Knew Him



A youthful Phil Bolger about 1949 at the helm of an Alden Triangle keel sloop, prior to his shallow draft days.

## Memorial Event Scheduled September 19-20

A Memorial Event will be held over the weekend of September 19-20, two weeks after Labor Day. The location is the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center ([www.gloucestermaritimecenter.org](http://www.gloucestermaritimecenter.org)), Harbor Loop, Gloucester, Massachusetts. Please let me know you are coming by fax (978) 282-1349 or email me at [philbolger@comcast.net](mailto:philbolger@comcast.net).

You are invited to bring your Bolger Boat, afloat, on trailer, or by cartop. Several launching ramps are scattered about Gloucester. High tide is about 12n. The high school ramp would remain low tide accessible. The Jones Creek Stone Pier Ramp should be usable up to two hours post/pre peak. Folks can carry their car-topped craft over downtown Pavillion Beach at Stacey Boulevard/Western Ave to the Outer Harbor waters and park cars in normal street spots.

Lodging is up to you. Camp-cruisers stay afloat. Cape Ann Campsite is located at 80 Atlantic Str (978) 283-8683 on tidal Jones Creek ([capeanncampsite.com](http://capeanncampsite.com)).

Food will be available on site at GMHC.

More information upon request and via the *WoodenBoat* Forum ([woodenboat.com](http://woodenboat.com)) where a dedicated post will keep you posted.

Bring your thoughts for an open-mike session, and bring good weather.

Susanne Altenburger

# Visits with Phil

From Gary Blankenship and Helen Snell

We were in the Florida Keys, getting ready to go kayaking when we heard Phil Bolger had died. Our friend, Noel Davis, called on the cell phone in the morning to let us know. It was two days after the event and word had filtered out in the boating community. We were camping, without Internet access or even newspapers, and Noel figured I would want to know. I had recorded an interview with Phil and his wife, Susanne Altenburger, last October that Noel had run on his podcast, *furledsails.com*, earlier this year.

The natural reaction was to think back over our sporadic acquaintance of a quarter century. I first heard of Bolger in 1980 when his third book, *Different Boats*, was published. I saw a blurb for it somewhere and noted that it included buildable plans for a small dinghy. I had a 24' sloop at the time and wanted a dinghy, so I ordered the book.

What a revelation. I actually did build a Tortoise, the 6'6" dinghy that is the first design in the book, but the rest of that volume kept me fascinated. (Bolger certainly gave his permission for such diversions. In the foreword to that book he observed, "Imaginary boats are almost as much fun as real ones, and much cheaper for all concerned.")

First there was the writing itself. Bolger had an easy style, unlabored and direct. He had the knack for clear explanations of complex concepts and ideas while mixing in some humor and anecdotes along the way. And he was, as he put it, as honest as possible about the shortcomings of his work. As someone who makes a living out of assembling words in a hopefully readable order, it can be frustrating to see a "nonprofessional" writer like Phil do it better and apparently so effortlessly.

Then there were the designs! Up to that point, I had owned a Sunfish and a 24' sloop. I had never seen and barely heard of a leeboard. Unstayed rigs were something for dinghies, but even then they should be Bermudan with vangs, outhauls, cunninghams, and other various adjustments. Or so it was in my world. Bolger simply blew that world up. Here were sharpies, leeboards attached with ropes, large boats with unstayed Chinese lug sails, gaffers, sprit sails, and hardly a stay or shroud to be found. Romp (still one of my favorites) drew a meager 18" with the centerboard up and was ocean capable, an unimaginable concept in a world that thought only in terms of deep draft for ocean going and racing boats alike, the deeper the better.

Over the years I've pored over the book so many times the binding has disintegrated. And before long I also got his first two books, *Small Boats* and *The Folding Schooner and Other Adventures in Boat Design*. When *30-Odd Boats* came out in 1982 I got that, too. (Its binding is also largely gone.)

By then another project was looming for me. Always fascinated with the OSTAR (single-handed trans-Atlantic) race, I was interested in a boat for the under-30' class. I had narrowed it to a couple options, either a Jay Benford dory or something designed by Bolger. Around 1983 or early 1984 I sent Bolger a letter but didn't hear back. A few months passed and I was moving toward the Benford dory but decided to send another letter to Gloucester, Bolger's home for most of his life. There was a quick reply. Bolger was indeed interested in my project but

had lost my address from the first letter. He asked me to be a bit more redundant with it in future correspondence.

The agreed design price was very modest. It was obvious he had much more lucrative work on the drafting board but he still fit my project in. His concept was roughly a double-sized version of his Gypsy daysailer, a good performer that would be easy to build with a spartan interior that would keep building time and costs down. Our correspondence was pleasant and I remember, after making the initial down payment, sending the second installment early after being pleased with one of the initial cartoons. That earned me a mild admonishment not to prepay as Bolger said he didn't like "working off a dead horse."

After a few months the plans were finished and Bolger waived the last payment, saying the design had come together faster than expected, but the payment could be made if I won my class in the OSTAR. (Alas, because of family considerations, I never got to make the race).

I wasn't able to immediately begin construction so I built his Zephyr design in the meantime to sail in the shoal waters in the north Florida Gulf Coast. Fast to build and easy to set up and sail, the boat sampled shallow waters at her Gulf home but also as far away as the Florida Keys. It always amazed me that despite the narrow beam I never flipped the boat and it provided a maximum amount of enjoyment for the hours invested in construction and upkeep.

Work on the OSTAR boat, designed at 29'10"x7'10", began in early 1986 and was completed a year later. Some time was saved by ordering pre-scarfed plywood long enough to cut the panels for the tack and tape hull, but Bolger's sensibilities and craft showed in the building time. The hull took 100 to 120 hours to build with some part-time help and the entire boat, including making the spars, took between 400 to 500 hours. Yes, it was spartan but that's still a fraction of the time it would take to build a similar craft by any other method.

We had some nice post-construction correspondence about inevitable changes. The original 7' fin keel (yes, Bolger was known for shoal draft boats but in this case he decided a fixed deep draft was best for the purpose) was reduced to 5.5' in recognition of the boat's home waters. And the initial dipping lug rig, which was beautiful to sail, was changed to a balanced lug to reduce the rigors

of tacking and gybing on a 95° Gulf summer day. But the boat performed as hoped, swift and sure and easy to handle, especially as a balanced lugger.

In 1992 my then wife decided as a present to arrange a visit with Bolger, which must have led to some funny moments as she tended to do things last minute and by phone and Bolger notoriously was reluctant to use the phone. I'm not sure he had one at the time. Anyway, to my surprise, he agreed to host me on his 48' *Resolution* on which he was then living, for a weekend that summer.



*Resolution* at the Montgomery yard around 1992, beside it is Kotick, Bolger's kayak built for him by Dynamite Payson.

And what a visit! The conversation never stopped unless we were asleep or out on boats. The topics included not only boats and their design, but politics, journalism, ancient Greek history, fantasy novels, architecture, airplanes, and dozens of other topics. One subject would suggest another and off we go, ricocheting from one topic to the next. He also mentioned Susanne Altenburger, who he had recently met, but I didn't get to meet her that time. Perhaps my lasting impression of the trip was how keen an observer Bolger was, not only of things nautical but of people, politics (he was a libertarian), society, and the things around him. You might not agree with his opinion on something, but there was no question any opinion he offered had been thoroughly thought out and was based on his careful observations.

A high point was a trip out into the waters of Gloucester, which Bolger knew as intimately as an ardent gardener knows his

*Le Dulcimer* with the original cabin and keel, long and lean. Not much underwater to slow her down.





back yard. He was in Kotick, his Dynamite Payson-built kayak, and I was in Sweet Pea, which Bolger had recently designed as a rowing/sailing boat. I had only rowed wide, heavy, flat bottom metal boats in public parks or my own Zephyr, a good sailor but an indifferent rower. But Sweet Pea responded to strokes of the oar in ways I never imagined, showing me that rowing could be fun, not a chore. I was entranced but Bolger later told me he didn't consider Sweet Pea that good of an oar-powered craft. I remember his scooting ahead as a mild powerboat wake came our way so he could study how Sweet Pea's bow went through it.

At some point during the visit, I either saw his Spur II design, or knew he had drawn it and that Dave Montgomery (*Resolution* was at the Montgomery yard), was going to build one. Not long after I returned home I conceived the somewhat audacious scheme of borrowing Spur II the following year and rowing in the Blackburn Challenge, the 20-plus mile circumnavigation of Cape Ann Island, the location of Gloucester. If I couldn't do an OSTAR, at least here was an achievable adventure. Bolger graciously assented to my proposal, gracious particularly because he knew of my near total lack of rowing experience. Training was on a rowing machine and some in the Zephyr.

That 1993 visit was notable for a number of reasons. One was that our conversation picked up like we had left off the previous day instead of the previous year. Second was the rowing prowess of the Spur II, which far surpassed my feeble skills. The wind had blown 15-20 for days leading up to the challenge, easing to 10-15 the day of the event which still made for some choppy seas. The Spur II simply soared over the waves, propelling easily and taking no more than a few drops of spray for the entire course. In running terms I completed the course at a brisk walk, if I had been in better shape I might have been able to do a slow run. But the time was respectable, a tribute to the design, not the skipper that day.

The third thrill of the trip was taking the prototype Spartina out for a sail. Intended to replace a catboat built at the Montgomery yard since the '20s, it was a lapstrake ply construction with a centerboard, a sliding gunter sail (gaff sloop optional), and absolutely hypnotic lines. This design will be periodically rediscovered as a Bolger classic in the coming years. Less than 16' long, you could stand on the gunnel without it dipping into the water and it had the most precise handling of any small boat I had been on. Easy on course, it would tack on a dime and maintain its momentum.

At the time, I was partway through construction of another Bolger boat, a V-bottom catboat that could be built at 15.5' or 4' longer. I built the longer version and it turned out to have Spartina's qualities. The construction, done in fits and starts, was too haphazard for longevity but we plan to rebuild the boat with a Birdwatcher cabin.

The fourth discovery was Susanne, who came up for a visit while I was there. She took me out on the Spartina and waited until the bow nearly hit the reeds on shore before tacking, sure of her knowledge of both the boat and the water. Bolger made no attempt to hide his deep affection for her.

Powerboats were not left out of this trip. Bolger and Susanne retrieved me from the Blackburn finish line in the prototype Hawkeye and I got a ride on the Shivaree, with Bol-

ger directing my attention to the clean way the bow cut through the waves and the modest power needed to drive the boat.

It was sometime after this trip that it occurred to me many people did not fully understand much of Bolger's work. His designs would be referred to as simple or simplified, especially smaller craft intended for homebuilders. But I don't think simplicity was his goal, efficiency was, the best boat for the purpose with the least outlay of materials, time, and effort. Zephyr can be built with about 24 hours labor (plus another 24 to sand and paint her) and is intended for someone who wants a boat that will take one to four (or more if some are small) with decent performance and not present a carpentry challenge to construct.

My 30-footer got a deep draft because that was the best answer for open ocean speed. It got a lug rig because it avoided the expense and complexities of a stayed rig where one minor component failure brings down the mast. Many of his other large boats have shoal draft with leeboards or centerboards and fold-down rigs because they can explore close to shore, take berths or anchorages denied to deeper draft boats, and the simple rig reduces maintenance and costs. Over 90% of the boats in a marina don't need the highly stressed stayed rigs to get the nth degree of performance to windward, so why put up with its complications and expense? Similarly, many of his powerboats need smaller motors and hence less fuel than similarly sized craft. There was an underlying question here posed to a society based on excess: Why waste? That may have put Bolger out of step with much of the contemporary boating community but I think it qualifies, in this time of diminishing resources, as visionary.

My next visit was in October 1999, when work took me to Boston. I visited Phil and Susanne, now married and operating Phil Bolger & Friends, for lunch and an afternoon's conversation. Again, it picked up as though there had been no interruption from 1993 and covered a variety of topics. But it was as I was getting ready to leave that I saw the brilliance of their synergy. I casually mentioned that I still enjoyed sailing the 30-footer Phil designed for me but its use was constricted since I never got to use it in an OSTAR. The draft was really too deep to be practical for the Gulf, the cabin too cramped, a footwell would be nice in the flush-decked cockpit, and it would be pleasant to be able to fold down the mast for maintenance instead of needing a crane in the yard to pull it. They pulled out their copy of the plans and in an incredible 15 minutes outlined how the boat could be changed, a pivoting keel, like a giant centerboard, could be retrofitted. A tabernacle for the mast would be easy. The cabin could be raised and extended, including large hatches in the top for improved ventilation. The cockpit would get a footwell and a better arrangement for the outboard.

The resulting keel deserves particular mention. It wound up being a wing keel (actually a prototype for the Insolent 60 design) where the wings cantilever to remain parallel to the bottom as the keel pivots up to reduce draft. This was accomplished by making the steel fin keel free-flooding down the middle and running a rod through it to control the angle of the wings. It's harder to describe than do, the drawing made it all clear and a brilliant innovation. Bolger later told me that most of the changes came from Susanne.

My last visit was only a few months ago, again when work took me to Boston and I wrote to ask about a visit. To my surprise Phil telephoned to invite me to spend a night. I gladly accepted. Once again the visit was marked by great conversation. As had gotten to be our custom, I took Phil and Susanne to dinner and we preceded that by walking the Gloucester waterfront, looking at the boats. Much of our talk dealt with their fisheries project, a series of fuel efficient boats aimed at dealing with the combined problem of managed fish supplies and high fuel costs. The boats are aimed at allowing fishermen to make a living with smaller catches by reducing their fuel costs and, coincidentally, their engine and maintenance costs. The idea has been slow to catch on but shows signs of recognition. Bolger, I think, had spent a lifetime refining his gift of seeing to the center of a problem and coming up with simple, elegant solutions and it was hard for him to understand that other people didn't have the same talent for stripping away the superfluous.

I recorded a one hour, 40-minute interview which Noel turned into two shows for his podcast. This was just before Phil's 81<sup>st</sup> birthday and during the visit and the interview he struck me as fully mentally alert as any of my earlier visits, although physically he seemed a little frailer. Suzanne mentioned he had been ill several months before and doctors thought it might have been a stroke before finally diagnosing Lyme disease. And Phil mentioned the strain of keeping up with his correspondence, noting he was doing so now but there was a backlog that would never be answered. He and Susanne also said that they were working to finish three designs, two advance sharpies and the Insolent 60, but beyond that he was not taking any new design work although there were some books they were planning. They were, of course, still offering designs from his extensive catalog for sale.

It's frustrating to try to capture someone as intelligent, accomplished, and complex as Phil Bolger in a few hundred words, or even a few thousand, and a handful of anecdotes and remembrances. But some things he said about other people seem also fitting for him.

When builder and designer Thomas Firth Jones passed away recently, Bolger

The redesigned #459, *Le DulciMer*, moving right along close hauled in a fresh breeze.



commented that he did all his own thinking. That's a great description of Bolger as well. He was not one to listen to talking heads and follow their opinions. He did his own research and observation and reached his own conclusions, not just about boats but any topic that engaged his interest. And that truly was a broad spectrum.

He also once wrote about Dynamite Payson, saying he had a pet theory that the stability of a society depended on a certain number of people with his type of sensibility and when it went below a certain threshold, that society deteriorated. I reminded him of that during the October interview and he went on to add that Dynamite was a fine example of civilization. Both of those observations apply to Phil Bolger as well. As an astute observer his conclusions, not just about boats but a wide range of issues, were enlightening and added knowledge, not heat, to any discussion. And he was certainly a fine example of civilization.

Most of us knew him as an incredibly creative and wide ranging boat designer, the Birdwatcher, Dovekies, power and sail step sharpies, the Instant Boats, incredibly beautiful yachts of all sizes, the humble and capable June Bug. But Bolger was also an accomplished writer and an original thinker, about things nautical and non-nautical, who put his ideas into practice. You can't ask much more of a civilization than that.

When Noel hung up I sat for a while, not knowing what to think. Having known him I felt compelled to respect his decision and felt mostly sad that Susanne will now have to do without his companionship.

We had planned to go kayaking and that's what we wound up doing, three short trips over the day. We poked closed to mangroves, looked through the roots to see how far back the water went, marveled at birds in the trees, and visited a sandbar at low tide, finding a live lightning whelk and laughing at the sea urchins which adorn themselves with hats of castoff shells. Such poking was the kind of thing Phil Bolger liked people to do with boats and that seemed a fitting homage.

## How to Build a Boat A Reflection on Phil Bolger

From Stephen Bobo

After Phil Bolger's recent demise, the facts of his life and remarkable career received widespread coverage, telling of the adoration many of us had for the man. It's true that in the 700-odd boats Bolger designed, one can find a boat to fit almost every need.

About his Gloucester Gulls, when he wrote, "This is certainly the best design I ever made, when I come up for judgment and they stop me at the gate and ask, 'What's your excuse?' I'll tell them I designed the Gloucester Light Dory and they'll have to let me in." He was right, but not perhaps for the reasons he may have assumed. Mostly she was a learning tool for so many budding young boat builders.

Anyone building a boat goes through a progression of steps, not in any particular order. Generally the start comes in a dream of a boat one wants or would be good to have or to build. The dream doesn't have to be rational or even realistic. It just has to be up there, calling.

Conversion of dream to reality begins when the word possible appears. Perhaps in a sum of money, or a particular source of parts such as a wreck or someone else's failed dream. But generally an appropriate design comes to hand. And more times than anyone can count, the design happens to be a Bolger.

At some point the urge turns into a collection of parts and materials and, oh yes, a venue. Where can I do this? And the assessment, urge vs capability. If the boat is to continue, urge always wins. But capability always plays a part and it's often difficult not to go back to a simple design easily fabricated out of available materials.

And plans. The plans must be there. All boats are built to a design. So many designs call for unfamiliar processes or arcane techniques. It's refreshing to have a design cover the ancient facts of boat builders everywhere: Feet, inches, eighths of an inch marked out on every dimension. Then dimensions given for every piece. Simple, familiar, routine Bolger.

Stock, tools and hardware all need to be obtained and various types and orientations of permits. Plans by Phil, always there.

Finally, it's time to lay the keel, or start wiring the hull together, or begin hollowing out the log.

And, my friend, if the boat is not to become someone else's firewood you have to follow the prime directive: You have to think about the boat every day. Not necessarily for long, but for at least five minutes every day you have to think about the boat you're going to build.

When this last finally becomes habit, whatever else you are, you're also a boat builder. And if you're lucky, part of each five minutes spent thinking about the boat will reflect something we've learned from Phil Bolger.

## Bolger Would Guffaw

From Dave Karasic

Immediately after arriving in Boston on September 1, 1975, as a "freshly-minted" college grad ready to begin my first job, that of biological researcher, I "met" two people, one on my way to the Boston Public Library for the first time, and the other at the library on the same day.

The person I met on the way was a lovely woman and this relationship was very short-lived. The other relationship, that with Phil Bolger, began with his wonderful book, *Small Boats*, and continues to this day.

I'm sure Bolger would guffaw at the notion, but to me, the man was a true artist, the greatest living boat designer of my time. I will miss his "poking the establishment in the eye" with his wonderful designs, many of which shock the senses of traditionalists while exciting people like me. May he enjoy Fair Winds and Following Seas.

## We Had a Certain Comfort

From Capt Gnat

When I got in Tuesday night there was a message saying that Phil Bolger had died. It was terrible news. I called Suzanne and she confirmed it. Carole and I went to see her that night. It was hard for her. His suicide was sickening to me. He was 81 years old and in excellent physical and mental health for that age. He had so much more to give.

I first met Phil about 25 to 30 years ago. I owned an aluminum alloy lifeboat hull that I wanted to sail around the world. I gave him the offsets, which he said were excellent. He did a design for a flush decked junk rigged sloop. He felt that it was a lot to ask of a 26' boat, but I'd lived on draggers when I was fishing and was completely comfortable with it. There were no naive assumptions about conditions offshore either. His design was simple and seaworthy. He got it just right.

We had a certain comfort with each other from the outset. He was living simply on his boat free from "conveniences" like TV or telephone, free to be productive and free to enjoy life. He was literate and knew and lived simplicity. He had a calendar with a lacy playmate.

Phil talked at our local traditional small craft group a number of times. He didn't care for public speaking but was great at it. His and Harold Burnham's talks were always the most well attended. A recent talk was about the Dovekie and how it evolved into the Birdwatcher. It was fascinating and he went on for a long while. He held everyone's attention and interest. A number of members had built Bolger boats.

Phil was there when we launched the Fenwick Williams' sloop and said, "She floats exactly on her lines." That was more luck than knowledge. He also said, "I'd sail her around the world if I were inclined to do such a thing." It was a sincere comment.

Phil and Suzanne were our guests this last Thanksgiving and it was a pleasure and in some sense an honor to have them. Phil was brilliant, opinionated, yet modest. He had a wonderful sense for history. He enjoyed the meal and company. I never thought it would be his last Thanksgiving.

About three weeks before he died I ran into him and Suzanne at the old marine railway on the Gloucester waterfront, what is now the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center. They were excited about the first of their fishboat designs being built, finally, so they shoved me into the car and we went over to the dock where she lay. They had been working on this project for years and their efforts had borne fruit at last. Suzanne described this particular boat in detail and what she said made absolute sense. Phil was known and esteemed around the world but largely ignored in Gloucester, his hometown. Yet this one very important boat had been built in, and was now being fished out of, Gloucester. He had climbed up to the dock and seemed fine. Quiet, perhaps, but that was not unusual. It must have been a great reward for him to see that boat.

Phil Bolger was a wonderful man and perhaps has enabled more people to build and use more boats than any other. His passing brings great sadness and loss.

## One Bolger Dream Made Real

From John W. Cooper

When I went on line in late June to [www.nytimes.com](http://www.nytimes.com) to check out if the world was still in orbit, I read that our beloved Phil Bolger has started a new design project "on his own terms." The headline article that same day was that General Motors had gone "belly-up." Are we still in orbit?

I want to thank *MAIB* for publishing the regular daydreams about Gloucester Gull, Birdwatcher, and the many other real Bolger

designs that sailed across its pages through the years. One of these daydreams I did make real. I built and enjoyed with my sons Tortoise!

## A Truly Generous Human Being

From John S. Smith

Phil Bolger is on my list of favorite people I never met. This puts him in the outstanding company of Ben Franklin and Walt Disney. The common thread seems to be men who were not afraid to think outside of conventional and traditional and explore new ideas.

Like many, I feel my life has been enriched by many of his writings and designs. More personally, however, though I never met Phil and had bought no plans from him, I had on a number of occasions sought his advice on both boats and model boats. Each such occasion brought a thoughtful handwritten note with an excellent response to the question I had posed. Few people would take such time to respond to a non-paying client. His willingness to do so speaks of a truly generous and caring human being.

I trust he's now enjoying fair winds and clear skies.

## A Drop-in Design Session

From Gaylord Lockett

I have always been a Phil Bolger fan, reading his books and articles (mostly in the late and lamented *Small Boat Journal*). I have several of his books, have saved all my old *SBJs* and several things published in *MAIB*. I even adopted his folding schooner idea to construct a folding motorboat to carry in the back of a small pickup truck!

In 1998 my wife and I were visiting our #3 girl baby in Maine, and in riding around sightseeing we wound up in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Well, the thought struck me to see if we could locate Phil Bolger. A few questions answered led us down a dirt road to a seemingly idle boatyard with a long floating pier with a long, unusual motorsailer (flush decked) moored alongside. Being very forward, I knocked on the side of the boat and surprise, out popped Phil Bolger! I introduced myself and told him I had read a lot of his stuff and just wanted to meet him.

Well, in short order he was out on the pier and we had about an hour and a half of delightful conversation. He showed me a couple of his boats, including the electric launch, and we discussed a few of the boats I have built, including the folding one.

Now I had not meant to take advantage of his professional abilities but it so happened that I was planning to build a boat designed by Glen Witt (of GlenL Designs) but I wanted to alter the design. I had called Mr Witt and discussed this with him and had gotten his statement that this probably would work OK. Since I was face to face with an outstanding designer, I presented my ideas to Phil, who was very supportive. We discussed my objectives, which he approved of, and he gave me some pointers on how to incorporate these changes, including some very specific instructions (which I followed carefully).

After about 90 minutes of conversation Phil politely excused himself, saying he was working on a project and needed to get back to work. And I left with a warm glow, feeling I had just met a very nice guy.

Final report: I built the boat with modifications as approved by Phil Bolger (and, of course, Glen Witt). The boat worked out fine, doing everything I expected of it, and is still in regular use. I think of Phil as the co-designer for his input into the changes.

Perhaps I think of heaven as a lot of clouds, but I am certain it also includes streams, lakes, rivers, and seas and I can just visualize Phil over there explaining to St Peter exactly how a boat should be.



## Hundreds of Hours of Pleasure

From Dan Taylor

Phil Bolger was a remarkable individual who had a major influence on a great number of people and will continue to do so for years to come. But what he meant most for me was simply hours of pleasure, hundreds and hundreds of hours. The pleasure came from reading (numerous times) his books and articles, studying plans I purchased directly or through Dynamite Payson or Common Sense Designs, building models and building and using the boats. Compared to many builder fans, my output is limited, just seven boats, the Tortoise being the smallest and the Modified Bantam designed jointly by Phil and Susanne the largest, but the pleasure derived has been immeasurable.

Three of his boats were built directly from his books. The first and one of the earliest was the Elegant Punt, which I finished during a two-week vacation at my in-laws on Nantucket. This was kept in active summer use, mostly as a rowboat or small motor boat for several families of nieces and nephews. The Mippet was next. Building it took longer and required more skill. The reward was a handsome little boat which served as a tender to a larger non-Bolger boat we had in the late '70s and early '80s. It received compliments everywhere we took it.

Being able to build from his books says little about my abilities and a lot about his designs and his clarity in conveying them. Phil had the ability to design boats simple enough

to make dreams possible and yet elegant enough to reward the building effort. He also designed achingly beautiful boats (including, in my opinion, several of his square boats).

The Bolger articles in *SBJ* and *MAIB* were always the first ones I turned to and the ones I tabbed for future reading. When *SBJ* dropped them, I dropped my subscription and was bereft until I discovered *MAIB* in 1997. The early *SBJs* with their large format were particularly suitable for salivating over plans and profiles. I used to have a controversial local government job which included attending weekly City Council meetings in a small and growing town with lots of issues. After doing battle with all sides until nearly midnight some nights I would decompress by taking a hot bath and studying the plans in those early *SBJs*.

I particularly remember focusing on the Burgundy. This was a boat that didn't fit my desires at the time for shallow draft and easy trailerability, but I couldn't get over its looks or the possibility that construction could be within my reach. I studied the drawings, and mentally built the boat every Monday night for months.

In June '07, after having completed and used my Bantam for a season, I sent the Bolgers a letter with pictures. When I didn't hear back I just assumed they had gotten so busy with their fisheries project that there wasn't time for correspondence. But then last September a gracious letter arrived from Phil stating just that, thanking me for my letter, and apologizing for not having answered sooner. I am grateful to have had that last connection.

## Never Really Recognized

Heard from a friend that Phil Bolger recently came to "the end of his days." I think he was never really recognized for his abilities and accomplishments during his lifetime.

An offering of mine to the literature mentioned his abilities in laudatory prose yet I was unable to reach him or speak to him. It was his colleague and fellow individualist, Harold Dynamite Payson, who told me to contact him by mail. I sent him a copy of my paper, mentioning his contribution. I sincerely hope he got it and found this writer who spoke well of his efforts.

We tend to be too silent about the worth of a man during his lifetime, especially some who were really significant.

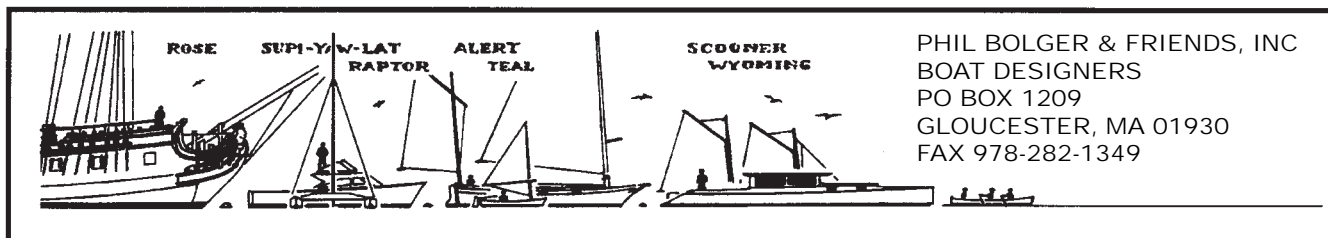
## Generosity on Phil's Part

From David Hume

In the introduction to my book, *Blueberry*, "All of the credit and none of the blame must go to Phil Bolger." Our correspondence has been a delight to me and his permission to reproduce much of it in the book was a characteristic act of generosity on his part. He gave me more than enough credit for my part in the design of *Blueberry*, he created her out of the amateur sketches of an untrained enthusiast and cheered me on through those extended years of construction.

Like many who have built and sailed in his boats, I will miss him sorely. My sympathy goes out to Suzanne, who I did not meet when I met him for the only time in the flesh at "Phil Bolger Day" at the WoodenBoat show.





## Bolger Joins *Boats*... June 1, 1991

In this issue we begin bringing you a regular series of Phil Bolger's designs, just sort of "study plan" views of each with some of Phil's brief remarks on each. Phil says he has several hundred of these so that even at 24 a year they should last a long, long time, as long as reader interest is sustained.

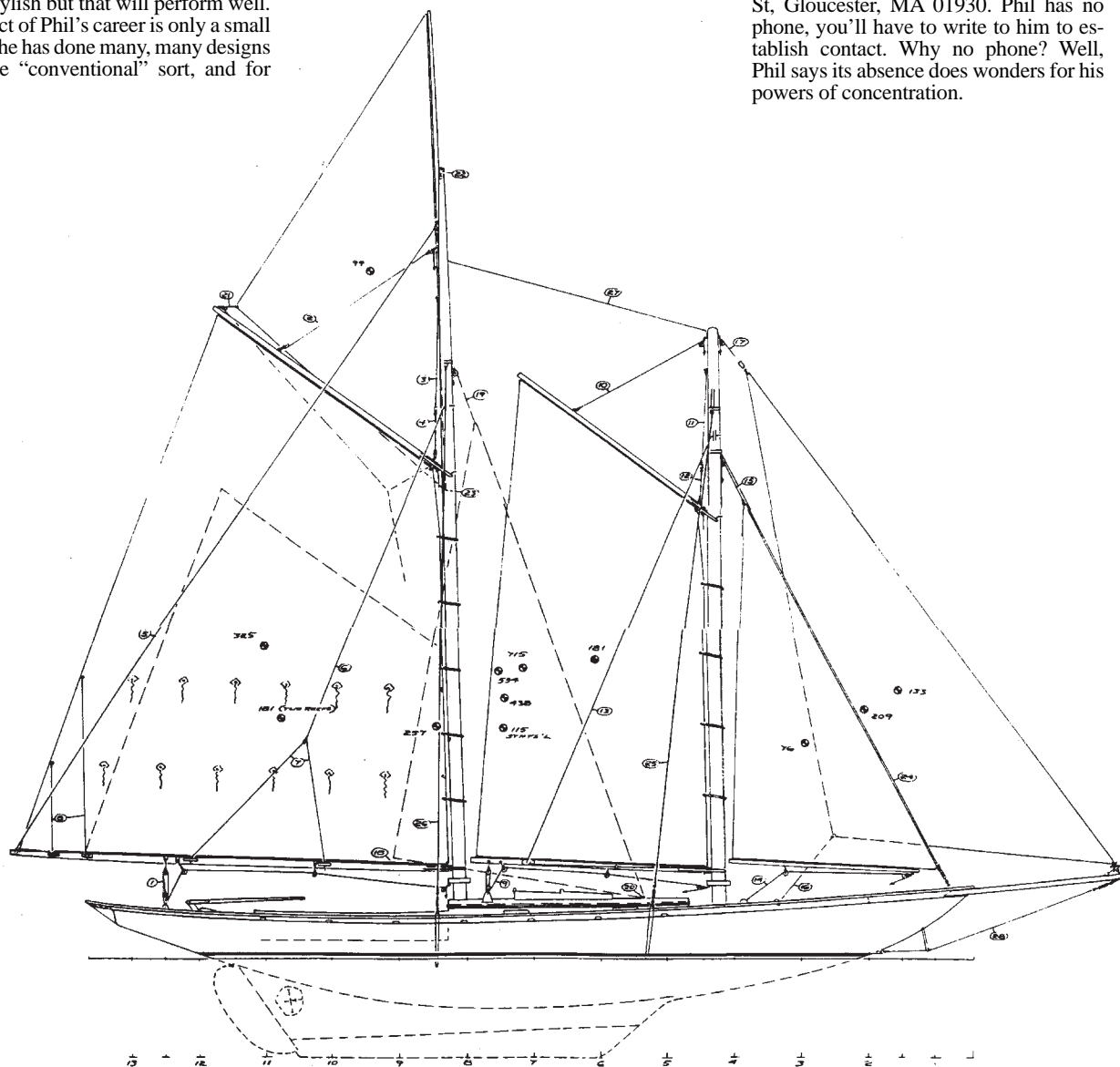
Phil's fame amongst many of us is for his championing simple designs for small boats to be home built from plywood, small boats that may not always look so stylish but that will perform well. This aspect of Phil's career is only a small part of it, he has done many, many designs of a more "conventional" sort, and for

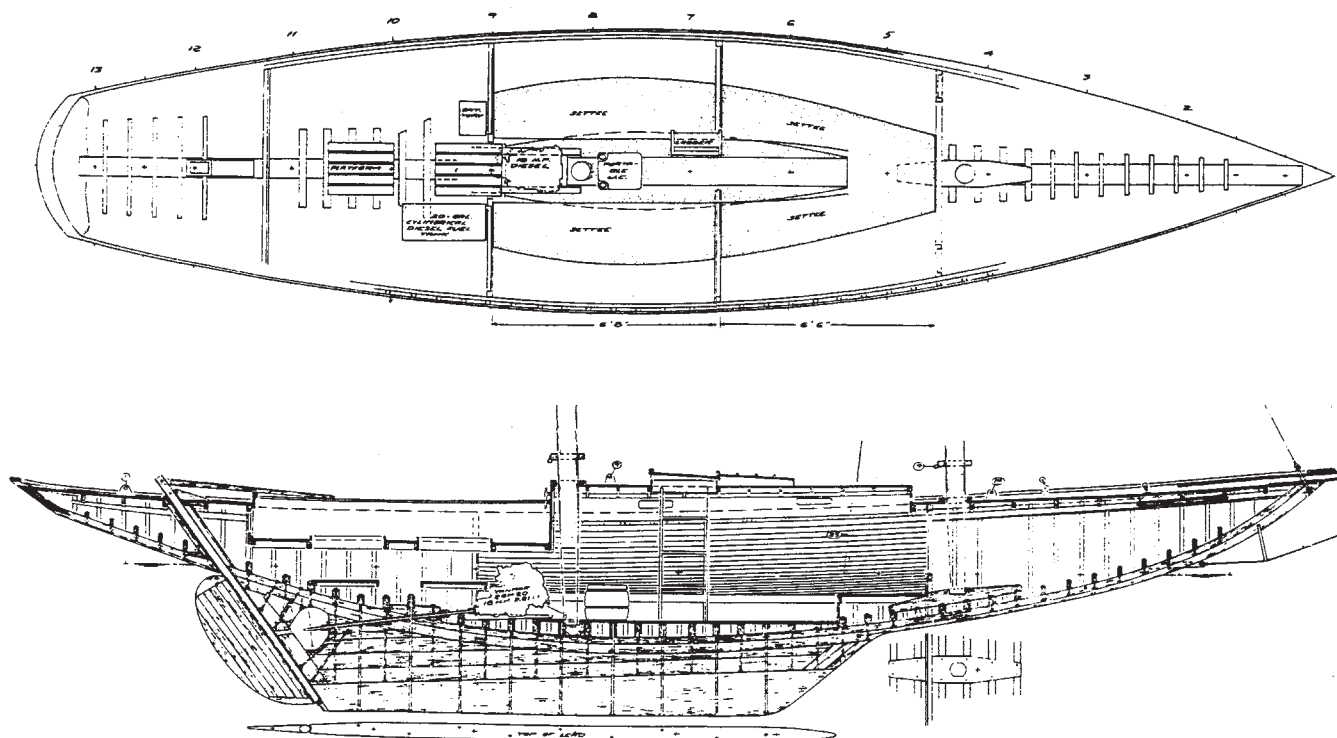
much larger boats than we typically mess about in. Phil was delighted to have this opportunity to show you some of these designs along with mixing in, as time goes on, many of his smaller craft including not only the familiar "boxy" designs but also some very graceful "traditional" appearing craft.

For the most part "Bolger on Design" will be a single page in each issue, this centerspread of his graceful 39' schooner is our way of introducing what

we expect will be a very long-running series of creative and unique ideas on boat design.

To dispel any misunderstanding right at the start, this is NOT the sort of thing Phil did in *Boat Journal*, where he drew up a "cartoon" design in response to a reader inquiry. We will be seeing designs Phil has already done in the past. Anyone who does wish to consult with Phil on a special design to meet his own needs can contact Phil at 29 Ferry St, Gloucester, MA 01930. Phil has no phone, you'll have to write to him to establish contact. Why no phone? Well, Phil says its absence does wonders for his powers of concentration.





## 40' Day Racing Schooner

Brad Story and I thought up this day racing schooner #541, inspired by a design by Bowdoin Crowningshield. Brad made a half-model of it which can be seen at his shop in Essex, Massachusetts.

The scenario was that we would find four people in the Cape Ann area who would each take one of the schooners at the then price of \$75,000 each.

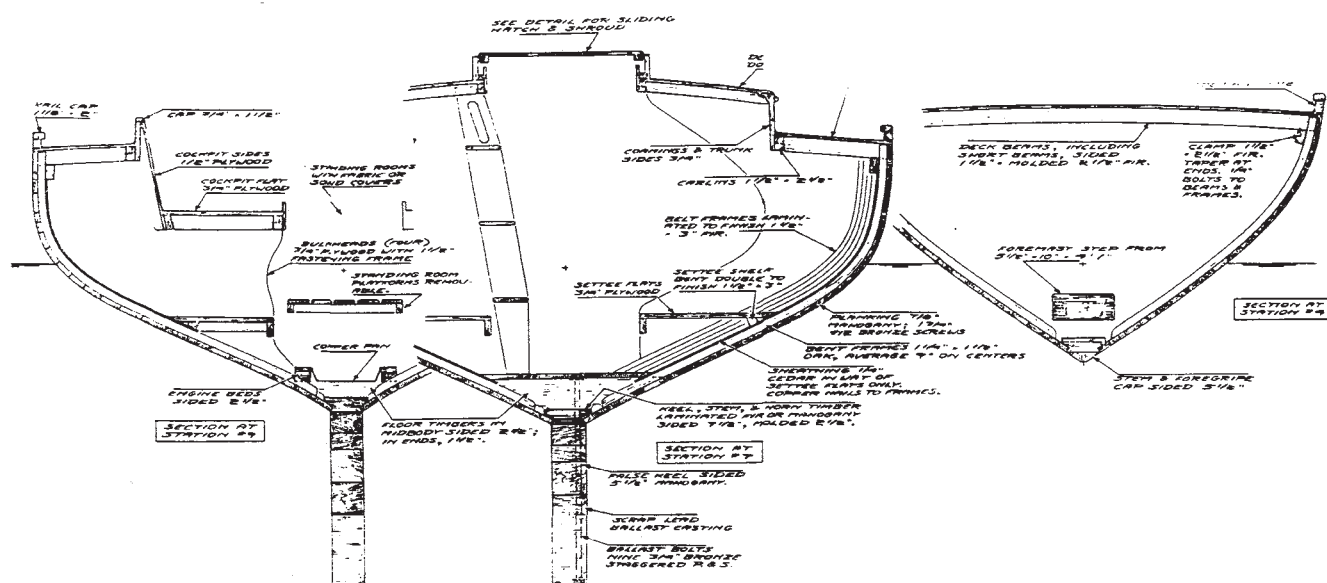
We would then get the Gloucester city council to let us place them on moorings off Pavilion Beach on the inner harbor, from where they would be raced in and out of the harbor summers, all for the edification of the tourists.

Racing crew would have been three to five each but the schooner was designed to take seven so that when the

original owners became bored with them they could continue racing with a professional skipper and six paying passengers/crewmembers.

So far we have not found the first of the four sponsors.

*(Next issue, an 8' "translucent" cedar planked pram.)*



Mystic Seaport Museum in Mystic, Connecticut, was the scene for the WoodenBoat Show for three days the end of June and this rejuvenated sagging attendance at the sprawling theme park/museum as thousands of wooden boat enthusiasts arrived to sample what was on offer, boats, gear, trinkets, and the showing off of home built boats and expensive professionally restored yachts. The Show covered the whole gamut with 144 exhibitors according to the list of exhibitors. *WoodenBoat's* view of it all is included at the end of this short eyewitness report. They were pleased in these troubled financial times.

There were enough boat builders with their boats on display to satisfy anyone wishing to see wooden boats of all genre, both on land and in the water, including a number of amateurs who entered their home builds (at no charge to display them) in the "I Built It Myself" collection on the spacious lawn around the bandstand. This concept, recently introduced, adds much to the show, demonstrating just how well some amateurs succeed in building some very nice wooden boats.

## WoodenBoat Show 2009

By Bob Hicks

This year's celebrated designers were the Atkins, father William and son John, whose "wholesome" designs from the 1920s until fiberglass took over still have strong appeal. Thirteen Atkins boats made the show in support of Pat Atkins, John's widow, who carries on making plans for many Atkins designs available to those wishing to build them. More on this further on in this report.

Friday is our day to attend with the crowd at a minimum, exhibitors fresh and still enthusiastic and access to almost anyone, builder or supplier, quick and easy. Even so, the big top tents were crowded, much like a middle eastern bazaar. The

Show stretches along much of the Seaport's lengthy waterfront necessitating a lot of hiking to see everything.

While not integrally a part of the Show, the Seaport's shipyard was quite a draw with the old whaler *Charles W. Morgan* up on the hard for extensive underwater rebuilding. It was impressive to see how much of that vessel is normally underwater. Guided tours of this project and demonstrations of big shipyard tools offered unique learning opportunities for anyone interested in how large wooden boats are built or rebuilt. The Rossie Mill across the street, which houses the Museum's collection of small craft not on display and marine engine collection, was also open for visiting.

There was little evidence of a significant drop off in the number of exhibitors and attendees due to the current economic climate. People with real enthusiasm for their work, craft or hobby will keep on turning out for an event such as this that caters so fully to their enthusiasm. Wooden boats do seem to have a firm hold on the hearts of many.



Geoff Kerr of Two Daughter's Boatworks displayed contrasting styles with his interpretation of Commodore Munroe's Egret (named *Regret* by owner) and Chesapeake Light Craft's Pocket Yacht. Two Daughters Boatworks, 2211 Rt. 128, Westford, VT 05494, (802) 849-6579.

Much to my surprise I happened upon this Iain Oughtred Caledonia Yawl named *Patina*. My prior experience with a boat of that name was with a series "Patina's Log" that we published in 1984 about a New Haven sharpie workboat owned by Tim Weaver (Tim still owns her). The owner/builder of this Caledonia Yawl spoke seriously about her being worth about \$50,000, I failed to obtain further information.



Donald Thaler brought his replica whaleboat, the *Joshua Edwards*, over from Long Island to fly the banner of The East End Classic Boat Society. The *Edwards* belonged at one time to a historical society but didn't fit their land-based focus and now Thaler owns and maintains the boat supporting the Society. Prominently displayed on the boat was this early photo of an original whaleboat. The Marine Museum, Bluff Rd., Amagansett, NY 11930.







John Anderson's 12'6" Quoddy Tender is actually a cat rig, but John had the mast rigged in a step below the center thwart so it would fit under the corner of the tent. He said the original reason for the center thwart mast step was so he could set two spars and have the smallest schooner. John Anderson Boats, 27 Moore Clark Dr., Bayside Marine Terminal, St. Andrews, NB E5b 3V1, (506)529-1985, [johnsanderson-boats.com](http://johnsanderson-boats.com).



Spartan's dinghy is a shortened version of a N.G. Herreshoff America's Cup lifeboat, built for a 50' gaff rigged NYYC 50 footer undergoing restoration, using the same methods which Herreshoff used. Stonington Boat Works LLC, 228 N. Water St. Unit B, Stonington, CT 06378, (860) 535-0332, [www.stoningtonboatworks.com](http://www.stoningtonboatworks.com).

Tony Dias called my attention to the unique rudder on the Arey's Pond 18' Daysailer which he designed for Arey's Pond Boat Yard owner Tony Davis. Designed specifically for shallow water sailing in AP-BY's Cape Cod location, the sloop draws only 13" with the centerboard up. Arey's Pond Boat Yard, Box 222, Orleans, MA 02662, (508) 255-0994, [areyspondboatyard.com](http://areyspondboatyard.com)



Steve Kaulback still builds his signature wooden Adirondack guideboats. He told us that they build the fiberglass mass production versions to support their wooden boatbuilding habit. Adirondack Guideboat, Inc., PO. Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926, [adirondackx-guide-boat.com](http://adirondackx-guide-boat.com)



Taylor and Snediker builds and restores classic yachts, chose to display this bright finished Herreshoff Coquina. Taylor and Snediker, LLC, 22 Mechanic St., Pawcatuck, CT 06379, (860) 599-0800, [taylorandsnediker.com](http://taylorandsnediker.com)

Bob and Scott Lavertue of Springfield Fan Centerboard turned up in *Thumper*, their Nahant power dory replica built 20 or so years ago by Ron Ginger from John Gardner's *Dory Book*. The distinctive "blat-blat-blat" of her make-and-break one-lunger could be heard all over the adjacent Mystic River. Springfield Fan Centerboard Co., 456 Fuller St., Ludlow, MA 01056-1309, (413) 547-8364.





Dan Williams' 22-1/2' pontoon boat is his own design, incorporating everything he wanted in such a craft. The strip built woodwork is elaborately inlaid in contrasting woods, topped off with luxurious upholstery obtained from a high end pontoon boat firm. What appears to be a typical catamaran hull incorporates a third partial length center hull at the stern that carries all the utilities, outboard, batteries, food and gear storage, etc.



Wayne Mueller brought his Harry Bryan Daisy design all the way from Michigan.



Chesapeake Light Craft's display of kayaks, rowboats and sailboats, all available as do it yourself kits, included, tucked away amongst the towering pyramids of sea kayaks stood on end, this cutaway surfboard showing the internal construction features. Chesapeake Light Craft, 1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401, (410) 267-0137, clcboats.com



Ralph Johnson of Pert Lowell Co. supplies traditional mast hoops large and small for traditional wooden sailboats, but one customer has a different use for them. This mirror frame is a mast hoop adorned with oar blades offered as a nautical motif by Campbell-McCullough Fine Art & Floral Design of Locust Valley, NY. Pert Lowell Co., 1 Lane's End, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 462-7409, pert-lowell.com.

The home-built Skuas, a "Cocktail Class" of outboard race boats built by the Bluefield/Granger families, were raced by the builders and the *WoodenBoat* and Mystic Seaport staffs off Lighthouse Point late Friday. Their choice of names is imaginative.



A final look, Not for Navigation's collection of tote bags featuring nautical chart motifs has built into its name a disclaimer about how they are to be used.



## Atkins Boats at WoodenBoat Show

The classic designs of the father/son team of William and John Atkins that spanned much of the 20<sup>th</sup> century live on today offered by John's widow, Pat. Pat invited any Atkins owners who brought their boats to the show to be her guests at the dinner honoring her late husband and his father and 13 showed up.

### In the Water

*Aspira*: An Eric Jr (30') owned by Peter Drake of Stonington, Connecticut.

*Betsy K*: a schooner (33') called the "Beckworth Boat," owned by John deReynier of Forestville, Connecticut.

*Freuen*: An Ingrid (45') owned by Paul and Joyce Giroux of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. They have made a circumnavigation.

*Great Bear*: A power boat (37') owned by John Dieterly Jr of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Midnight Run*: A Ninigret (22') owned by Jim Robinson of Branford, Connecticut.

*Rescue Minor*: An inboard skiff (20') owned by Timm Schleiff of South Carolina. Timm has just sold the boat!

*Windrose*: #311 (33') owned by Walt Ansel of Mystic, Connecticut.

*Winfield Lash*: A Chanty (54') owned by David Clarke of Maine.

*Noble Cab*: An Islamordora (35') in *Of Yachts And Men*, owned by Nancy Barrett of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

### On Land: "I Built It Myself"

*Jermie*: A Nina (11'4") owned by Frank Maressa of New Jersey.

*Aurelia B.*: An XLNC utility skiff (19'2") owned by Bill Oakes to be used by his daughter in Connecticut.

*XLNC*: A utility skiff (19'2") owned by Byron Steger used in Rhode Island.

*George*: A flat bottomed rowing boat, John's last design given to Mystic and used in their livery.



*Jermie*



*Great Bear*



*Aspira*

*Noble Cab*



Pat Atkin was presented with a beautiful half model of John's Maid Of Endor at the banquet.

*Freuen*





## 2009 Concourse d'Elegance Awards

### Awards for Sailboats

Professionally Built 1st Place  
Taylor & Snediker, Pawcatuck, CT: *Coquette*,  
2009 17' dandy rig Herreshoff Coquina

Professionally Built Honorable Mention  
Two Daughters Boatworks, Westford, VT:  
*Regret*, 2009 28' catboat ketch

Owner Built 1st Place  
Nathan Rome of Winchester, MA: *Bonnie Sea*, 2006-8 15'10" Kingston lobster boat/  
gaff rigged sloop

Owner Built Honorable Mention  
Joe Manning, Bel Air, MD: *Vairea*, 2008  
15'8" adapted Herreshoff dinghy

Professionally Restored 1st Place  
Rockport Marine, Rockport, ME: *Bernice*, 1910  
54' P-class yawl, originally gaff rig sloop  
Professionally Restored Honorable Mention  
Cove Landing Marine, Lyme, CT: *Ariadne*,  
1960 31'7" sloop.

Owner Restored 1st Place  
None

Owner Restored Honorable Mention  
(Not 1st as she is not yet finished)

Peter Drake, North Stonington, CT: *Aspira*,  
1934 25' double ended Atkin sloop

Owner Maintained 1st Place  
Paul and Joyce Giroux, *Fruen*, 1968 38' At-  
kins ketch

Owner Maintained Honorable Mention  
David Clarke, Peterboro, NH: Winfield Lash  
2000 30' schooner

### Awards for Powerboats

Professionally Built 1st Place  
Pease Boatworks & Marine Railway, Cha-  
atham, MA: *First Light*, 2008 26' center con-  
sole runabout

Professionally Built Honorable Mention  
Hadden Boat Co, Georgetown, ME: *Noble Cab*, 2002 34' V-bottom Sea Bright skiff

Owner Built 1st Place  
Dennis Wolfe, Marine City, MI: *Harmony*,  
2007 25' electric launch

Owner Built Honorable Mention  
Peter Poanessa/Keene Signworx, *Alsek*, 2006  
27' Surf Scoter pocket trawler

Professionally Restored 1st Place:  
Crockers Boatyard, A Hixon, Manchester, MA:  
*Little Joe*, 1952 40' Huckings Fairform Flyer  
Professionally Restored Honorable Mention  
None

Owner Restored 1st Place  
Marine Restoration, Orleans, MA:  
USCG36500, 1946 36' USCG motorized  
lifeboat

Owner Restored Honorable Mention  
None

Professionally Maintained 1st Place  
Martin P. Sutter, The Woodlands, TX: *Canim*,  
1930 96' fantail motoryacht.

Professionally Maintained  
Honorable Mention  
Ken LeDonne, Ynot Yachts: *Eulipion*, 1947  
25' express cruiser

Owner Maintained 1st Place  
Frances and Fred Roffe, Hampton Bays, NY:  
*True Love*, 1968 40' sport fisher

Owner Maintained Honorable Mention  
Byron Steger, Chepachet, RI: *Snowy Egret*,  
1999 19'3" I/B skiff

### Manually Powered Awards

Professionally Built 1st Place  
Clint Chase, Portland, ME: *Drake*, 2008  
17'4" open water rowboat

Professionally Built Honorable Mention  
Beetle Inc, Wareham, MA: *Willy Potts*, 2009  
10'6" rowing skiff

Owner Built 1st Place  
Fred Rettig, Mobile, AL: *Tenderness*, 2009  
14' rowboat

Owner Built Honorable Mention  
William S. Hall, Whitman, MA: *Heidi*, 2007  
12' sailing skiff

Professionally Maintained  
Honorable Mention  
William Gunther, Mystic, CT: Unnamed  
1930 16' St Lawrence flat guideboat

**Show Awards**  
Judge's Choice  
Marine Restoration USCG 36500 lifeboat  
Outstanding Innovation  
Dennis Wolfe *Harmony* electric launch  
Peoples' Choice  
Fred Rettig *Tenderness*, 14' rowboat

## The Show As Seen by WoodenBoat

"Awesome" – "it was heaven" – "this is the holy grail for wooden boat fans!"

The 18th Annual *WoodenBoat* Show was a tremendous celebration of boats new and old, large and small. Throughout the Seaport the energy was palpable from discovering a needed tool, learning a new skill, to pure, jaw-dropping admiration for the incredible craftsmanship found at every turn. And the weather, oh, the weather! Summer begins at the *WoodenBoat* Show! Thank you so much for coming!

### Some Highlights

"I Built it Myself," sponsored by Interlux. Again and again we circled the Village Green chatting with excited, proud, first-time builders eager to share their trials and achievements with like-minded souls. This year we were fortunate to have several television crews interviewing a few of the offerings, from the 48" (yes, inch) *Rachel* rowboat to the comic-strip covered paper canoe, to *Tenderness*, a Penobscot 14 tender whose varnish just glowed. And those are only three examples of the 50 boats on display there.

Concours d'Elegance, sponsored by Heritage Marine Insurance. Once again, the judges had some tough decisions to make.

The R/C Footy Regatta was a wildly competitive event. Racers and boats enjoyed gorgeous sunny skies and light breezes.

The Skua Races were not so publicized but the home-built Skuas, a "Cocktail Class" of racing outboards built by the Bluefield/Granger families, were equally competitive. The racing was primarily between the builders and the *WoodenBoat* and Mystic Seaport staffs off Lighthouse Point and were not for the faint of heart!

The Atkin Family Dinner and Tribute, those of us who attended could not help but be moved by the evocative and heartfelt tributes shared by all the speakers. Listening to their stories of building and cruising Atkin's boats was a fascinating glimpse into the Atkin legacy.

Expert demonstrations drew standing-room only crowds with lots of questions from rapt attendees.

The boats in the water and on the land were more numerous than ever before. From the stately *Charles W. Morgan* on the ways, to the Freedom Schooner *Amistad*, to the catboats on the Village Green, the kayaks on the land, and the Trumpys and the Coast Guard boat on the north end, there was truly a boat for every taste.

### Demonstrations Offered

Bronze Casting: Sam Johnson  
Stem Bending Wood: Rick Remeda  
Restoration Pitfalls: Clark Poston  
Big Shipyard Tools: Scott Noseworthy  
Boat and Engine Collection in Rossie Mill  
Plywood/Epoxy Boatbuilding: Geoff Kerr  
*Charles Morgan* Tour: Quentin Snedicker  
Caulking: Chris Nelson  
Picking Up Bevels: Nat Benjamin  
Traditional Rigging: Matt Otto  
Spiling: Seth Hagan  
Routers in the Boatshop: David Snedicker  
Metalworking/Toolmaking: Harry Bryan



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The fleet, from left: Ned Asplundh (Sea Pearl), Jim Luton (Crabbing Skiff), *Obadiah* (Marsh Cat), Mike Wick (Melonseed), Ron Gibbs (Celebrity), Doug Oeller and Neal Battaler (Marsh Cat), Kevin Brennan and Pete Digel (Navigator). Pete Peters was taking the picture standing in the water with the jellyfish.

On last year's trip I had a little trouble. Four miles out from Dames Quarter I busted my hollow mast. Six of us cobbled together a fix that kept me up with the rest of the group. She didn't go to windward so well but I accepted the occasional tow and got home all right. I was proud of my 14 miles under jury rig. This year I was going to do things differently. I would stick to the rig that John Brady had designed for my boat instead of using a rig from a smaller boat. Maybe designers aren't so dumb after all.

This year's plan was to trailer down to Tilghman Island on Friday and have a two-day boom tent safari in the wilds of the Chesapeake on Broad Creek, just below St Michael's. Friday was all-day rain so we delayed the start until Saturday morning, almost everyone else motored down Friday night and spent the night in motels. Camping is fine but we didn't want to start camping in the pouring rain. This trip is a 14-year-old tradition with the Delaware River Chapter and has taken place annually at various places around the Chesapeake in May or June.

Saturday turned out fine. We met at the Dogwood Harbor launch ramp in the harbor at Tilghman Island. Just as all of our boats had filled up the only empty dock, the owner came back in his deadrise skiff and asked us to clear out.

On the first leg we stuck together to trade comments and take pictures, lots of pictures. We sailed to a lunch spot just inside Holland Point at Irish Creek. No dinghies, of course, so we anchored and jumped overboard to wade from boat to boat, keeping on the lookout for the occasional jellyfish. Then we weighed anchor and made an exacting passage upwind in light air to our overnight spot on Leadensham Creek. The wind was shifting and it was quite slow so Doug tacked over and asked, "Are you having fun?"

I replied, "No, the wind is too shifty and light," so he bore off and tossed me a beer. That's a friend.

We made a seven-boat raft in waist deep water on the south side of the creek. The big boats were all crowded into Caulk Cove on the north side of Leadensham Creek, but there is always plenty of room for little boats that only need shallow water. We were all surprised that, in spite of all the fancy boats and fancy houses, there was so much empty space, and this is Rumsfield territory, too. It

## Chesapeake Float

By Mike Wick

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

is really an ideal cruising territory. In early June the Chesapeake is a cool and pleasant cruising ground. Later on it gets to be quite a bit warmer. We would have been hard pressed to find any campsites but it didn't matter because we were tenting aboard.

Living aboard takes practice. You can't go out and buy a boom tent. You have to improvise. Catboats work especially well since they are beamy and seaworthy for their overall length but still light enough to be easy to launch and recover. You keep most of your backpacking gear in dry bags in case it gets rough. My Melonseed is seaworthy but she does get wet going to windward in any kind of a sea. On a wet passage I sometimes have to heave to and pump to keep her going at her best. Imagine your disappointment when you discover there is a leak in your bedding dry bag.

Cooking technique is very individualized. Some lazy ones rely on cold food, others have elaborate menus. Jim cooked crabcakes, Ron had potstickers, Pete had stir fry. The drinks were all shared. Ron had G&T with fresh limes, Kevin had his special National Bohemian, and I had Pussers and ice water. As long as you had your own glass you wouldn't go short.

As darkness fell, out came the instruments; pennywhistle, bodhran, recorder, and Doug's special small guitar. The songs varied between Irish tunes and sea chanties. Doug led off with his self-composed "Devoted as My Cat." Others included "Red-Haired Boy," "Spanish Ladies," "Molly Malone," and "Whiskey in the Jar." Neal sang the Eric Bogle song "He's Nobody's Moggy, Now" and many played instrumental solos in praise of the rising full moon.

At the stroke of 11 the raft split up, each to his own anchor for more privacy and in case of thunderstorms or strong winds at some terrible hour. Doug and Kevin have special tents that make their boats look like Conestoga Wagons, Jim had an all-white affair that looked very regal against his cream topsides. The rest of us looked up at the starlit sky and figured we would chance it. I lay

my floorboards lengthwise on the thwarts and placed my sleeping bag on top. I have a heavily-modified Sunbrella boom tent somewhere in a waterproof bag, but that was just too much after a long day of sailing.

The sun came up hard to the sound of *Obadiah's* conch. We started by exploring the reaches of Leadensham and Caulk Creeks, swirling around moored boats like a flock of butterflies. It was real Swallows & Amazons stuff, short tacking in a drowned riverbed.

As we headed toward home the wind was light from the south and there was quite a chop in the middle of the creek. I know my Melonseed, she doesn't like going upwind in any chop, so while the others went across on starboard tack to Deep Neck Point and Bridge Creek, I tacked to port and clung to a tiny lee on the west side sailing into Balls Creek, doing anything to get out of the chop. I knew staying in the channel would slow me down, but taking a chance on running aground in the Chesapeake is no hardship. Here I could play the shoreline, it is all soft sand.

But my tenuous lee finally ran out. There was a tide gate at Nelson Point with disturbed water and light winds. I couldn't cut it too fine for fear of grounding, but making an offing was agony. Once I finally rounded and slacked sheets it was a power reach back to the barn. Dogwood Harbor was crowded with swank powerboats and watermen's skiffs, but they were tolerant of our frail craft and even slowed down a little.

We hoisted the boats onto their trailers, had a late lunch at Harrison's, and headed for home. Over lunch the question arose, "Where do we go next year?" I've always dreamed of an expedition to Tangier Island, about 15 miles from Crisfield. It would be a challenge. It could be a wet trip, but when you sleep aboard you can always change your destination to suit the weather. Smith Island is closer and could be an equally attractive alternate. If it is bad, you can always turn around and find a gunkhole on the Eastern Shore, such as Janes Island. We have radios and GPS and there is a tradition of sticking together in an elaborate buddy system.

Afterward Ned was trailering to Michigan to sell his Sea Pearl. I hope he got his head down before he made that passage. It took me lots of Wawa coffee just to get home. Good company, good music, good sailing, and a peaceful cruising ground.



Bright sun, white sails.

It was, like all the past ones, just a bodacious, laid back party by a smallish, but oh so select, sample of Intermountain Sailors. This 3S Bunch, as we may dub them, gathers at Starvation Reservoir every May to take the sun after a long winter, play with boats mostly homebuilt and partake, in various measure, of palaver, victuals, and drink.

The palaver treats mostly of boats, boat projects, and the like. The large distaff contingent likely dwells on other matters. The edibles, of highly varied and seductive nature, would result in serious over consumption amongst a group less self-disciplined than typical small boat sailors. The Saturnalia touted by some was pretty low key as I only counted three boxes (which I had to bring home to suck on) and the odd bottle.

Well, enough of technical background, what about the boats. Queen of the fleet, albeit a trifle dowdy on close approach, was Tom's M Scow, which he hauled back from his uncle's place in the midwest. It was easily the fastest boat around although Steven tells me that the Penobsco 17 wasn't far behind. Dwight refinished the 17, which was built by a neighbor and then sort of abandoned. Dwight's Exploration 18 is hanging out at their new place in Port Townsend where, being glass, it don't get no respect.

John Groves, who usually zips around in one of his shells, also brought a Skerry which he built from Chesapeake Light Craft plans. That it's a superb job goes without saying. Also sparkling in the craftsmanship department was Doug Moses who, over the winter, finished out one of my pulling boat hulls that he snatched out of the peach patch. He also had it tricked out with leeboards and a house wrap rig.

The kids are developing in the way in which they should go and were often out on the water while the sand castles languished. Willie was cruising about in the Pickle which rode on top of the scow from Ogden. Steven's boy Tanner is right at home in the Penguin and often gives rides. Ruby, Cade, and

## Starvation Sagebrush Sailing for Select Sailors

By Jim Thayer  
Photos by Axon, Gale, S. Thayer

Grady Lee were generally bouncing around in Ron's Sea Eagle or the truck tube. IdaRon had his regular inflatable rigged up with forward facing oars.

Newbies at Starvation, but old timers from Baja, were Bob and Diane Beltz who sail one of my Pickles on Vega Reservoir up above Colbran. I think they are permanent converts. So we had two Pickles, but where was L'artiste? We had better send out a search party.

Another surprise guest was Michael Jackson (not that one!) who we met last year at Kokopelli. He brought his lovely young daughter who volunteered to come along and rode with dad somewhere on that Hobie flipper tri. She'll be a rare catch one of these days. From out of the distant past appeared Mike Ballamis with a collapsible kayak in the boot of his Volvo. I didn't see the thing go together but it appeared about 12' and of constant section until close to the ends. It seemed to paddle fine. He got the plans off the net from someone named Yost.

I have just reviewed the video and Steven and Tom have already sent CDs so I ought to have everything straight. We had nine sail craft, one shell, two row/paddle inflatables, a pack kayak, and a large truck tube. Of course, Nina was there filling the niche of geriatric van and photo boat.

Let's not forget lookers, hangers on, rock star wannabes, or whatever you call sailors who show up without boats. Doubtless there were extenuating circumstances but we are not into excuses. Steve Axon was hanging out in SLC with Chuck Schamel while working on his rental house. They are charm-

ing fellows and long-time Kokonauts so we shan't give them too much grief. Besides, they do give everybody else a chance to see their own boats under sail.

We need to pick on somebody and Heather has volunteered. She didn't bring the Girly Boat this year as Tom isn't up to triple decking yet. Last year she took out John's shell and got along fine. This year, she tells me, she was coming in for a landing and managed to fall out of the boat. Reminds me of my first kayak. I went out, executed some snappy maneuvers, waved the paddle, and coasted back to the pier. I reached for the decking and turned upside down under the noses of all assembled. Just one of many similar tales. As long as you are playing with small, home repairable boats you may, perhaps, be permitted a little exuberance.

Nina, the geezer van.







John and Charia in Skerry.



Chuck and Sparkie try Pickle.



Ex-midwesterner Dewitt on M scow.

Penguin dragging transom.



For a couple of weeks before Starvation I had been working on a cut-down A Duckah! to be known (until something better comes along) as the Swooper Duckah!. By dint of some dusk time and short cuts, no paint, and we'll just duct tape the hatch covers, it was ready the night before take-off. As Janis and I turned it up on one gunnel to cut the dagger board slot, it became evident that she was heavier than expected.

We could have gotten it on top of the truck but was the game worth the candle? Would Dewitt have his done? Not likely! So when Dewitt came rolling in with two Swoopers on a purpose built trailer rack, I was undone. But wait, they aren't finished. Nope, not finished, but still of considerable interest. Dewitt and John, his enthusiastic accomplice, proceeded to rig up a peculiar square sail based on a magazine article by Gary Hoyt. Gary's article is persuasive but I will have to sail under one before I start sewing.

The sail is rectangular, maybe 10% narrower at the head than on the boom. It projects about 16" ahead of the mast, making for pleasant gybes. The boom and yard are held about a foot to windward or leeward of the mast by a rigid assembly of plastic plumbing, but are free to rotate around the mast, the idea being that the sail shape is not impacted by the mast on either tack. It has full length battens and should be great on a run. Reefing should be a snap, but I've said that before. All the pipe fittings involved suggest a duck with a plunger for a sail logo.

Dewitt has some novel ideas for these boats (three) which will be examined in due course. Best watch your step around the SLC boat shop lest you get sucked into this thing.

Weather was, perhaps, more perfect than usual, no menacing dark clouds, no two reef afternoon breezes. Shade was sought at mid-day and the fire was welcome at night. There were lulls but those dark blue lines which usually play in the distance arrived more often than not to give a chuckle under the bow.

My personal lady friend waited upon me hand and foot and the rest of the folks took care of the boat and camping infrastructure so I mostly sat around trying to look wise, or at least sentient. Thanks to all for a great weekend. On to Kokopelli!



Dwight and Joan with Penobscot rail down.

Hoyt rig on Swooper Duckah!





Serious boat and rubber duckies.



The Sea Eagle under control.



Tanner and Grady Lee balance tire.



Penobscot outbound, Pickle inbound.

John with tippy-tippy shell.



Allied Chemical Company dominates the south shore of the James River at Hopewell, Virginia, and the multitude of weird-looking lights adorning the place at night makes for a festive scene on one hand, an eerie sci-fi setting on the other. Navigating a small boat through here at midnight is interesting. We're headed for what appears to be, according to the chart, a decent anchorage in a shallow bay just beyond the Benjamin Harrison Bridge. It will be nice to throw down the hook, crowd into the cozy cabin, eat a late dinner, and button up the boat for the night. The rain, which earlier was a mere suggestion of itself, has become rather persistent.

The three of us on board have been looking forward to this early spring trip all winter. The plan is to journey the entire navigable part of the James, from the falls of the river at Richmond to the Chesapeake Bay, in my friend Frank's 24' trimaran. To the uninitiated, a trimaran is a boat with three hulls, one large center one and two smaller slender ones on each side, outrigger fashion, with Dacron netting stretched between the hulls. Frank's *First Light* has a clever feature whereby the small hulls can be folded alongside the central one, thereby enabling it to be placed on a trailer for the road. Such an option, of course, greatly increases the boat's adventure potential. We have three days allocated for this particular cruise which, alas, is only enough time for a cursory peek at this historic and fascinating stretch of river. But you know, if I always waited until I had enough time to "do it right," I wouldn't get out much.

We had launched the boat, unfolding it into the beautiful craft that it is, at a fisherman's boat ramp immediately downstream from the high-rises of Richmond, within a stone's throw of the last rapids of the James. Captain Christopher Newport, John Smith, Gabriel Archer, and 20 soldiers made their way up the river to this point, where the navigable water ends, on May 20, 1607, only a few days after arriving at Jamestown. Paying homage to their King, James I, they named the river and first settlement after him. The Englishmen found the area well-settled by native peoples but happily they found no evidence of the Spanish. They returned to the site of Jamestown, confident that that location would serve well as the site for the settlement and fort, not to mention strategically hidden from the cursed Spaniards. They were brave and hearty men, soon to find out that the Spanish were the least of their worries.

The stretch of the James just downstream of Richmond is one of lush growth

## Cruising the James

By John W. Robinson  
jwr77@verizon.net

overhanging the water, punctuated by some serious industrial operations. First off is the sprawling Richmond regional sewage treatment plant, fascinating in itself. Beyond that, there are going concerns dedicated to the processing and shipment of sand and gravel and there are a few hulking plants which reek of paint, oil, and chemicals. Here and there along the river are rusting, abandoned operations of industrial commerce, their machinery quiet, the various mechanical sounds replaced by the cries of birds.

It wasn't long before we left such signs of industry behind, the riverside becoming remarkably wild in appearance. The river between Richmond and Hopewell passes through several wildlife refuges and conservation areas, it's quiet and pastoral with little boat traffic. At Varina the I-295 bridge soars overhead, the beautiful golden geometric design of it, and its whizzing traffic, a world away.

I poke a bent serving spoon at the steaming pot of noodles cooking on the single-burner backpacking stove. The aroma of the spices in the bubbling soup is most enticing. The rain pelts the cabin roof but we are relatively warm and dry. Nods and smiles all around convey the fact that this is nice indeed.

*First Light* is a sailing vessel but in the upper part of this 100-mile stretch the river is too narrow to do much sailing so our propulsion is provided by a small outboard motor. The little Honda putts merrily at the stern as we watch the majestic shoreline scenery pass. Majestic, for one thing, because of the surprising level of natural beauty to which I alluded. There remain huge tracts of undivided estates, some intact from colonial times. This, you'll recall, is plantation country where even today the grand estates sprawl, the elegant mansions quietly resting amid ancient boxwoods, under willow oaks whose foliage shivers in the breeze. Westover, Berkeley, Shirley, Carter's Grove. All herald a different age, a time when our country was just beginning to make its mark in the world.

The rain has passed and the blue sky is bright. "Pass the binoculars! I think I see the old Jamestown church ruins," pipes Ian from his perch on the port side netting. Wow. This is where it all started. The first permanent English settlement in the New World. I muse about how fortunate I am to be a na-

tive of the Land of the Free as the wake of the passing Surry Ferry creates a staccato jiggle of the trimaran.

Enough of the patriotic sentiments, however, it's time to cut the engine and get under sail. The James is much wider now and a favorable breeze has filled in from the south. Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches are passed around and Frank grins from his position at the helm. A frothy wake streams astern at 10kts. It's a glorious day. Later we pass the "ghost fleet" of Fort Eustis, which consists of nearly 100 "mothballed" merchant ships anchored in small groups in the middle of the river. These aging vessels, which once stood in readiness for re-commissioning, have evidently become more liabilities than assets. Their upkeep has become overwhelming and their toxic decay is threatening the life of the river. Leaving the old ships astern we pass Smithfield and Suffolk. Ham country. Peanut country.

We pass through the broad port of Hampton Roads where the James meets the Chesapeake Bay. We salute the world's largest navy and delight at the sheer size and awesome bearing of the grey warships. On the other side of the harbor we spy the tremendous coal terminal where all those trainloads of coal that pass below Roanoke's Franklin Road Bridge are loaded onto ships, bound for ports the world over.

Coming into our last berth on the Hampton waterfront it strikes me how interesting it would be to have ol' Christopher Newport, John Smith, Gabriel Archer, and the boys with us aboard *First Light*. And then I chuckle and think how they really are with us, in a way. The history of Virginia and our nation runs deep in the James River and I can feel it. The western sky blazes orange with the waning light as we approach the pier. "Take the helm, Ian. I'll handle the mooring lines."



The crew; Ian, John, and Frank (left to right).

At the ramp in Richmond.



The Jamestown Ferry.



It was one of those perfect afternoons in the Southwest; low 90s, scudding fleecy clouds against a perfect blue, 20% humidity, and a SW breeze 10 to 15. As usual, I was pulling maintenance on my boat and trailer and could, for the moment, only muse about how nice the sailing must be.

But working on the boat and trailer is just about as much fun as sailing. True, I've heard many other opinions and loud grumbings to the contrary. Sometimes these opinions and grumbings are for good reasons, like when I'm working on the \*(\$!!)\* motor, but to me it's mostly all "quality time." It's also true that I have a simple rig that's easy to maintain and maybe that's what makes a difference.

The philosophy of the Rat is a wonderful credo. After his famous remark about "messing about in boats," he rambles on about the deeper mysteries of boating. I believe this is the core of the "Messing About" message. Rat says, "Messing about in boats... or with boats. In or out of them, it doesn't matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that is the charm of it. Whether you get away or whether you don't, whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy and you never do anything in particular, and when you've done it there is always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you'd (probably) much rather not..."

Yes, dear Rat, absolutely perfect. This day was to prove not only perfect but fortunate as well. While I was busy working away getting the boat ready for launching in a few days in Elephant Butte Lake, New Mexico, a State Park Ranger supervising some work nearby waved and said hello. He was as friendly as Ratty and I learned he was an avid sailor. He called himself Ben.

We struck up a good conversation and got to talking about, what else? Boats. He greatly admired my boat and then explained that he sailed a Venture 22. Now I had seen

## The Charm of It

By J.J. Bohnaker

a very pretty Venture 22 sailing around Elephant Butte, around the Dam Site Marina, the week before. The boat had a red hull and was really striking in the late afternoon light. I could tell that the person sailing it was experienced, more than once I had seen him making brisk maneuvers and sailing smartly right up to the dock.

"I've seen several Venture 22s on the lake," I offered.

"Oh?"

"Well, at least two or three. There's a very pretty one with a red hull at the Dam Site Marina. The one who sails it seems to be an expert. I'd really like to go out with him..."

"Oh?" Suddenly Ben didn't seem particularly talkative. (You know, that "Oh?" with the question in it as if... well, you know.)

"Yes, he really knows how to sail!" I said.

"Hmmm. That's interesting. You know, I think that I know him. How would you like to go out this evening? Maybe I can arrange it."

What a marvelous surprise. "Really? That would be great."

"Can you meet me at the Dam Site Marina at six? I'll see what I can do."

Somewhat giddy with anticipation, I finished up and prepared for an exciting evening. I would finally get to meet and perhaps go sailing with this lone sailor who maneuvered like an expert. I went to the Dam Site Marina and waited at the dock where the red hulled beauty was slipped. I arrived at 5:30, just to hang around. Hang around? Well, yes. Who can resist just hanging around a marina? But when 6:30 rolled around I started getting uneasy. I could see this great moment slipping away.

Ben called on the cell. "Sorry, I got stuck at work. I'll be there in 15 minutes. Will that be OK?"

Of course! When Ben arrived he had shed his Ranger uniform and was transformed into a completely different person.

"It's you!" I shouted. "You're the mystery sailor in the red boat!"

He laughed and said he was happy to take me out. He loved sailing and always enjoyed the chance to take someone with him. We hopped aboard and he gave me a tour. The boat had been remodeled. It was nothing like the bare bones MacGregors or Ventures that I had seen before. The plastic hatch cover had been replaced by teak hatch boards. The entire interior had been done up in mahogany and teak. New teak hand rails graced the decks. All the cushions were custom. She had cream colored decks that went so well with the red hull. Ben was proud of her and kept her gleaming.

The boat was slipped at the far end of the dock and there was little room to maneuver. For the moment the wind was non-existent, but we both knew that on these summer evenings the wind usually piped up before dusk. He lowered the ancient black Mercury into the water, set the cranky choke, tweaked the stiff throttle a few times, mumbled a few words, and gave a pull. Well, it wasn't until about 20 pulls later that he admitted the "Old Girl" probably needed a new carburetor and he'd meant to do something about it. That's why he sailed her up to the dock so often. A few more pulls and some sputtering and he gave up. "Let's paddle out," he said joyfully, seemingly happy that the motor hadn't worked.

He dug two paddles out of the cabin. With no wind we exited the dock area slowly, to be sure, but with no problem. After 20 minutes of hard paddling we were out in the bay beyond the no-wake buoys, so we raised the sails and took some refreshments while waiting for the wind which, as planned, arrived on schedule. By now the sun was almost on the horizon, ready to bid adieu. But the wind blew and we sailed with no thought of quitting. It was wonderful. We tacked back and forth across the

The "Ghost Marina" (Old Dam Site Marina) at Elephant Butte Dam.





lake in the perfect breeze. The sun continued its unchanging decline and a deep blue darkness began to take over.

Suddenly, out of the dark, a pair of water wolves appeared. They seemed to be stalking us, their little navigation lights taunting as they raced by. Two Etchell 22s threw down a challenge by circling us. Alas, the V22 was slow and bottom-fouled with slime and weeds, as I had discovered when we were paddling. The Etchell boys laughed as they left us behind as if we were standing still, shouting a hearty invitation for a beer later.

By this time it was quite dark and we turned back towards the marina, now a few miles off. The wind had increased but it was from the southwest and on our nose. I was at the helm and found it difficult to keep a heading when tacking because the shore kept disappearing in the inky darkness and we had no compass. But we were moving right along, heading for the west shore, now mostly invisible. After a while I asked Ben if he thought we were near enough to the shore to tack, but before he could answer a large rocky outcropping materialized against the starry sky. The rocks seemed to be no more than a hundred feet off.

"Rocks! Coming about!" I shouted with my heart in my throat, expecting to run bow-on into a huge boulder. But about she came and we flew off on the other tack unscathed. This close encounter with the shore stimulated every nerve cell and I gained an entirely new perspective on night sailing. Nothing seems to be where it is.

The wind continued to build but we made poor progress to windward with the fouled bottom. Suddenly a strong gust heeled us on beam ends and we had to let the sheets fly to keep her up. We were making ready to reef when just as suddenly the wind veered and the gusts began to ease. After a few half-hearted puffs the wind died away completely so we broke out the paddles again. We were still two miles or so from Elephant Butte, the mountain that forms the large bay where the marina lies.

I was disappointed that the wind had died so quickly as I had hoped to see Ben sailing right up to the dock. But as we pad-

dled I began to really sense the presence of the night sky, something that usually goes unnoticed when tending sheets and rudder under sail or with the clamor of a motor. The night was spectacular, the stars, a newly arrived brilliant crescent moon, the Milky Way, Scorpio and the Big Dipper, everywhere we looked up was magnificent, like a black bowl full of glittering crystals and diamonds. Under this spell we paddled around the Butte and into the marina bay. It must have been past 11pm.

I had never paddled up to the marina at night before. Out of the deep blackness it slowly took shape, mysterious, silent, almost ghostly. Everything looked different. It was an old marina and the dock lights had a feeble glow and the larger boats and houseboats in the slips had ragged decrepit appearances, like the abandoned derelicts of a pirate raid. Large clumps of moss appeared to be dripping from the rigging, torn rags hanging from lines and now and then movements could be seen within some dimly lit cabins. Towers of monster vines seem to encircle every slip. The pale moonlight cast ghostly shadows on

Ben in the cockpit of the very pretty Venture 22.

every surface and danced off the small ripples made by our paddles. Everything was deathly quiet until some sinister pirates with lanterns hailed us, but we refused to stop and paddled rapidly past them. Trying to trick us, one of them held up a midnight cat. I remained spellbound by my over-active imagination and sometimes forgot to paddle. Ben was very patient.

We ghosted up to the slip, put the boat to rest, and sat for a while on the dock, reviving a bit from the vigorous paddling. Ben said it had been a great outing, "but I'll get that motor fixed for sure so's you know if you ever want to go out again."

"Never mind, Ben," I said, "it doesn't matter. It was just too much fun without it. But I would get that bottom cleaned and the next time maybe you can show me how you sail right up to the dock!"

We both laughed at the things that had gone "wrong" and headed for the parking lot. Yes, several things had not gone according to plan but, according to the Rat's philosophy, that was the charm of it. It really had been a great day.



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It all began at the finish of a “yuker” game at school. My card buddy was willing to bet his patched up Grumman 17’ aluminum canoe on the next game. He won the game so I asked him if he would sell the used canoe. He warned me of its history of somersaulting over the 10’ high Rockford dam and subsequent fiberglass repairs by his brothers. So, for \$15 I motored up to Rockford and bought this grey and a little heavy prize. He warned me, “It leaks.”

After resting it on two sawhorses in the backyard at home, I inspected the old repairs and located the leaks. I purchased a fiberglass kit and went to work. Many hours later I gazed upon my neatly cured fiberglassed repairs of the midsection and judged it water worthy.

Water tests in the nearby Desplaines River proved it waterproof and tracking straight. Weightwise it probably topped out at 80lbs or more. After the wooden *Tartanic* and another fabric duck boat, this was definitely a step up in my water navigating in an all metal canoe.

In the middle of the summer a 5” rainfall in one day brought a flood to the local creeks and rivers around Chicago. I had always wanted to run about 15 miles of Salt Creek in high water and this was the chance. The following evening I drove to Fullersburg Forest Preserve Dam on Salt Creek and scouted the water flow over the dam. It was about a 5’ drop but there was a broken-out concrete section on the east end of the dam forming a chute of water. It looked like it was wide enough for my canoe. Good, we wouldn’t have to portage around the dam tomorrow. Salt Creek makes huge “S” turns under 31st St requiring three highway bridges as it flows through the suburbs. It resembles our familiar American dollar sign viewed from above.

I went home and called around. Friend Bart was available and willing. Early the next morning we drove our two cars to the Plank Road boat ramp at the Salt Creek and Desplaines River junction and parked Bart’s car. Next we drove to the bridge over Salt Creek on 12th Street some 15 creek miles away. We parked my car, removed the canoe, and gently slid the craft into the fast running, churning, brown, but warm waters. We knew the next 15 miles would be quick. Life preservers were for sissies and we knew how to swim.

Bart was stronger and manned the stern. He steered while I paddled furiously to miss

## A Wild Ride on Salt Creek

By Bob McAuley

the many overhanging branches and shoreline sweepers Mother Nature had set out to snag us. After narrowly sliding under the 22nd Avenue bridge, a lay down flat in the canoe squeaker, we came upon the Butler International Golf Course now resembling an lake. We steered over greens wondering where the creek channel lay and scanned for the next bridge.

Exiting the golf course under the 31st Street bridge, we navigated a narrow oxbow with high cliffs. Next came the dreaded Fullersburg Woods Dam that I had scouted the night before. After hearing the roar of the dam just 50 yards away, I forewarned Bart to steer left and I, too, paddled hard for the chute. We lined up perfectly and with wild screams ringing out the bow and I balanced for a split second in mid-air, then plunged 45 degrees downward. The bow slid with a swish and a clunk as it contacted the gravel below the dam. The jolt sent us sliding forward still in the canoe and the momentum propelled us free of the gravel bottom. Still afloat, we moved sluggishly downstream again.

We had shipped many gallons of water but I was relieved we hadn’t upset. A bystander who had watched us go over the dam just shook his head. I’m sure he remarked, “Those paddling fools.” We quickly steered into calmer backwaters and jumped out, raised the canoe dumping out those unwanted gallons of Salt Creek. That dam was my main concern and now it was behind us. Now it was time to relax and just steer around the bends until around the bend near Addison Creek we were greeted by a pedestrian steel cable bridge strung clean across our Salt Creek at our water level!

We tried to slow down by back paddling but still hit the cable bridge sideways with the current bubbling under us. We were stuck. Then I spotted a small 3’ opening in the vertical fencing of the cable bridge near the canoe bow and jumped out of the canoe and onto the wooden deck of the cable bridge. The water was just at deck level and I managed to poke the bow through that small opening, shouting

to Bart to paddle the canoe through the opening. With strong strokes Bart straightened the canoe to 90 degrees to the Cable Bridge and parallel to the current. Bart’s power slowly squeezed the canoe through that opening. As it slid by, rather than be left behind, I hopped back in and zoom, we were off again. We were lucky again and could have broached or worse back there.

We came to the junction of Addison Creek and Salt Creek and, it being noontime, briefly paddled up Addison Creek and landed near an eating place near 17th Avenue. I guarded the canoe while Bart went for our lunch. He brought back sandwiches and two green apples to go. Then it was off to the creeks.

Back in the canoe it was breather time while Bart steered, I began to eat my green apple. While I was enjoying that green apple on that blue sky day, that blue sky suddenly turned Salt Creek brown! I let go of my apple and saw it float upward in the water. Yes! We had flipped! To this day I still think Bart did it on purpose. Was he bored? The canoe had flotation tanks that just held its bow and stern eyes above water. Bart and I clung to the gunwales and guided the canoe underneath the 31st Street bridge. It would have been a tight squeeze going under that bridge upright and dry in the canoe.

After clearing the bridge, we swam with the canoe, slowly guiding it into the shallow backwaters on the right bank. On the left bank was the Brookfield Zoo. As the current slowed down in the backwaters, we tried to stop the canoe before it broached into a huge vertical tree in 3’ of water. But it was pinned by the water’s force inside the sideways canoe. What to do?

Bart to the rescue! Finally, after much cussing and groaning, mister strongman and I managed to pull that canoe free of the tree. We again raised it and emptied the water out. The warm sun quickly dried us and, after only finding one canoe paddle, we quickly found a fat stick and drafted it into use as a paddle. “Stick, you’re a paddle”

We re-launched into that swirling current and, twisting around another bend, spotted a small logjam ahead with our missing paddle! Bart steered us right into the logjam and I made a quick scoop and traded my stick for the paddle. Somehow we backed out of that logjam and we now searched for the missing apple!

Within 15 minutes and two more bridges later, we finally spotted the 1st Avenue bridge and knew the end was near. But just what end we didn’t yet imagine! This was the last bridge and the boat take-out ramp was only a half a mile away. We were tired but elated.

When we rounded the bend joining the Desplaines River and Salt Creek, the stronger river current grabbed us. Next, while we were turning 180 degrees to attempt a landing into the current, the boat ramp slid by at a fast clip on our right while we paddled furiously trying to slow down our descent downriver. With our bow now pointed upriver, we were making little progress against the current and found ourselves drifting backward toward the thunderous roar of the most treacherous dam on the river, the 10’ Hoffman Dam in Riverside. With every stroke we could feel the dam creeping up behind us as the current pulled us further backward toward the lip of the dam.

Frantically looking around for a way out, I spied a slow backwater inlet on the east bank and yelled to Bart to steer right, which he did. We shot into the shallow backwater, dodging

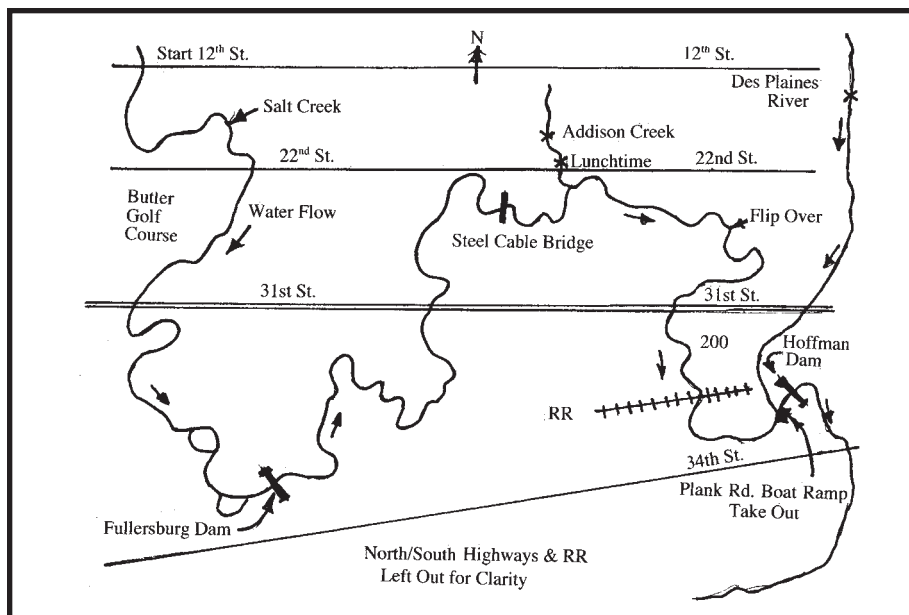


trees and finally slowing down. We were saved from that awful current and rested while looking downriver at the Hoffman Dam just a hundred yards away! After we rested, we slowly paddled upriver in the current-free shallows above the creek/river junction.

We were on the wrong side of the river from the boat ramp. We figured by keeping the bow pointed upriver we could crab our way across the fast-moving river this time and be in control when landing. So we launched back into the river and made a muddy but controlled landing by the submerged boat ramp. Beaching the canoe, we climbed out on wobbly legs and with dry mouths.

Bart's car was there where we left it earlier in the day for our shuttle back to mine. There was only one trouble. Bart had left his car keys in my car parked 15 creek miles away! Duh!

That was my last high flood water paddle. One month later I took my canoe on its last trip, to Canada where it ended up on the bottom of Minnetaki Lake.



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In the spring of the present year, having read Mr Macgregor's interesting book on canoeing, it struck me that a part of MY long vacation might be not unpleasantly spent in a voyage similar to that which he describes. Accordingly a boat was ordered and Messrs Searle of Lambeth did all in their power to have the new alterations and improvements carried out to a satisfactory manner.

As it may help to make more intelligible what follows, I may be allowed at the outset to give a short description of its dimensions and plan of construction. The canoe is 14' long, 2'2" broad, and rather less than 1' in depth. It is covered by a strong arched deck of cedar, rising to its highest point about the middle of the boat, while the bow and stern are but a few inches above the level of the water. To prevent the nose of the boat from burying itself in the waves, a V-shaped wooden cutwater, some 7-8" high, is fastened to the bows. This has the effect of dividing the waves and gives great buoyancy to the canoe. The feet and legs of the canoeist are under the deck so that the well, or open part, is reduced to a very small size. And even this small opening is covered with the greatest care by a waterproof apron, fastened in front by a tight drawn string and at the sides by a wooden arrangement fitted to the coaming.

The mast and sail are unusually large and through the keel, by a simple arrangement of pulleys, a centreboard of thin sheet metal can be let down. By this means the boat can be made to sail very close to the wind and the leeway, or sidelong drifting which is so noticeable in most small boats, is reduced to a minimum. I need say nothing of what the boat is able to go through for the reader will understand that from the narrative which follows.

I left Searle's with the canoe on the top of my cab at four o'clock on Saturday, the 27th of July. The same evening saw me and my boat at Dover.

The next day being Sunday, I waited, intending to start early next morning. As may naturally be supposed, I looked with some interest as I stood upon a high cliff watching the sea, for part of the course I had marked out for myself lay across the English Channel to Boulogne. I had determined to make my way to the Mediterranean Sea but this was to be my first dash in salt water. The boat was hitherto untried and I felt that the adventure had in it something of the character of a leap in the dark.

When Monday morning came the north wind was blowing strongly. By nine o'clock I had got the boat down to the harbour. Here I set sail without attracting much notice and in a few minutes was well out to sea.

At first the water was calm, being sheltered by the cliffs. But as I got further and further from land the waves increased in proportion and the wind itself seemed to blow in stronger gusts.

The boat behaved beautifully in the rough sea but the sail was too large and at times became almost unmanageable. In calm water nothing is pleasanter than to run before the wind, but in the sea no direction is more difficult or dangerous. The overtaking wave swings the boat round to one side or other and not unfrequently the sail is blown back violently from right to left, or left to right, in such a way as to bring imminent danger of upsetting.

Finding this to be the case, I lowered the sail and took in a reef. My ship now went easier and I began to hope it might be possi-

## A Canoe Voyage

### In the *Pooion*

By Hon James H.H. Gordon  
Reprinted from *The Light Blue*  
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Journal of the Historic Canoe  
and Kayak Association

ble to continue in this way 'til Boulogne was reached. Unfortunately the wind increased and sailing became really dangerous. Being of a prudent turn of mind I put back, not without regret, and keeping as near the wind as possible, reached about midday a point under the cliff somewhere between Dover and Deal.

Here the boat was drawn up to a sheltered place where I might spend the night. My waterproof bag was opened and my wet clothes were exchanged for dry ones. Then the kitchen was set up and I foolishly ate almost all the provisions intended to serve while crossing the Channel.

Dinner ended, I occupied myself in cutting a hole about 10" long and 7-8" broad in the floor boards at the bottom of the boat. A sponge resting in this hole removed the difficulty usually found in baling out a boat of this sort. The sponge, sucking up the water, only required to be squeezed overboard at intervals to keep everything as dry as could be wished.

The greater part of the day was now spent, I had been so busily occupied that I had altogether failed to notice that the wind had dropped almost to nothing. It was five o'clock, but as soon as I observed the state of the weather I dragged the boat hastily back to sea and, having stowed away my baggage, started once more, confident this time of success.

I paddled steadily out for perhaps a mile. Then, thinking it unwise to waste my strength, I hauled up the sail and sat lazily in the boat, scarcely moving through the water at all. The glow in the west suddenly reminded me that at this rate I should never get across before night. The sail was lowered and I took to paddling, but the labour was unpleasant and in a few minutes I returned to the sail, thinking that there was no great harm even if I did have to travel all night.

Hitherto the wind, such as there was, had been blowing from the west. But about this time there came a dead calm with puffs at intervals. Suddenly the sail flapped round from left to right and the wind began to blow from the east. Clouds rose in the sky and crossed each other in opposite directions. The rolling waves, which had 'til now been smooth-topped and round, became sharper and more wakeful, and at the same time darkness closed in. Nothing was now to be seen except here and there a white flash when a wave broke near me. Sometimes the cold water splashed over the boat and seemed to take hold of my sides, 'til I shivered with mingled cold and hunger and fright.

It was 12 hours since I had eaten my last biscuit under the cliff so it was no wonder I was famished with hunger. The night wind blowing through my clothes, all wet with the constant splashing of the waves, was enough to make anyone cold. And as to fright, why when some one boasted that he had never known such a thing, Charles II very wisely said, "Then you never tried to snuff a candle with your fingers." For my part I feel equal-

ly confident that the gentleman, whoever he was, never tried crossing the Channel in a canoe by night.

The wind was blowing almost due east, and as my course was about SSE the speed of my boat was not so great as it would otherwise have been. In fact, I was sailing about as near the wind as it was possible to do.

Night wore on. And though the wind did not actually blow harder, the strange appearance of the sky made it seem every moment as though it were just about to increase.

I was warned of the approach of each gust by the additional hissing and splashing of the waves as it swept along the sea. I was terribly frightened of those awful shoals where, in rough weather, the waves run mountains high and break into raging foam, for it was on one of these places that my brother and I had almost lost our lives when crossing before, in an open boat, from St Leonards to Boulogne.

About midnight the waves were unusually loud and I fancied I must not be far from one of these dangers. At the same moment I caught sight of a dark object on the water, apparently about ten yards in front. I took it for a warning buoy. Immediately I seized the paddle and backed hard in great alarm. What was my horror, when instead of getting further from it, it seemed almost nearer. Desperately then I paddled, but like some awful nightmare the black thing refused to move, and pursued me each stroke. My hair stood on end with horror and a cold perspiration broke from every pore. Some resistless current must be dragging me to destruction. Then I strained my eyes in the darkness and the black buoy turned out to be a ship two miles away on the horizon.

One other danger, more real than that just related, occurred soon afterwards. I was sailing steadily along when a slight movement suddenly disclosed to my view three glaring lights. It was a steamer coming dead at my boat. The noise of the waves had prevented my hearing it and it was close upon me. It was a moment of intense excitement. A bumping race on the Cam is nothing to compare with it. I had one moment to decide whether to go backwards or forwards. Backwards, for the white light is nearer the green than the red. The sail must be lowered. In the darkness the rope stuck 'til the din of the paddlewheels increased to a roar. At length it was down, and backing with my utmost strength I narrowly escaped the left-hand paddlewheel of the steamer. The wash crossing the waves of the sea wetted me in a most uncomfortable way. I spoke to the man at the wheel and he shouted back, but evidently did not see me.

In a few minutes the steamer itself could no longer be heard and before long the whole thing had disappeared in the darkness. (Every steamer carries a red light on the left, a green on the right, and a white in the middle. When only two lights are visible there is no danger of being run down. When all three are seen, the steamer is coming straight towards you. In the present instance the steamer was, when I first saw it, on my right, so that if the red and white lights had been seen it would have passed in front of me, if the green and white, it would have passed behind.)

After this the clouds began to break and stars began to appear in groups in different parts of the sky. These were a great help in steering, for though the lighthouse on the Gris Nez was sufficiently bright, it was often hidden by the waves, and being a revolving light, unless it happened to flash out at the



same moment that I was raised by the swell, it was often for a long time invisible.

This will be quite clear if the reader will recollect how low the canoe must lie in the water. The eye of the canoeist is certainly not more than 3' high so that a very moderate wave is sufficient to leave nothing visible but the sky overhead. This certainly has the effect of making a canoe voyage at sea appear somewhat dangerous. But in reality the very smallness of the boat is the greatest safeguard. It rises to the slightest swell and can, indeed, only be overwhelmed by breakers failing upon it from above. These are only to be met with in shoal water or in a perfect hurricane of wind. The open sea is thus as safe for the canoe, if not safer, than any other water. Certainly rivers are far more dangerous. I say this because some have expressed their opinion rather strongly that it is not right to take the risk of such a passage as that from England to the other side of the Channel in a boat so small.

About two o'clock the wind moderated and there was no difficulty in managing the boat. The stars overhead made the water glitter again with phosphorescent light. At times, when the breeze urged on the little ship with more speed than usual, there was a feeling of wild magic delight, everything was so lonely and beautiful and so different from what one usually sees.

By degrees, however, as the small hours of the night passed away in slow succession, I began to suffer from cold and fatigue. The excitement was gone for the wind and waves were no longer troublesome and I had nothing to do but steer steadily on, waiting for the tide to turn. My eyes closed involuntarily. I became thoroughly drowsy. At times, when I roused myself I found I was steering quite in the wrong direction. Twice I actually fell asleep and both times awoke with such a start that I shook my hat clean off my head. Fortunately I had a string with which to recover it.

About this time the tide turned. Hitherto it had been running northeast. This being against the wind had no doubt contributed to the roughness of the sea. It now began to flow back towards the Atlantic and was to a certain extent more favourable in its direction. Half an hour afterwards it began to dawn upon me that the dark looking cloud in front that seemed to rest upon the water must, in reality, be the coast of France.

My first impulse was to sail to the nearest point but as I approached the stern-looking banks and heard the waves beating upon the shore, a vague feeling of fear prevented me from going on any further. Accordingly, I resolved to adhere to my original plan of sailing round the Gris Nez in order to ensure a less dangerous landing.

For this the tide was at first favourable, but afterwards, when I wished to turn inwards towards the town of Boulogne, it carried me too far round the promontory and prevented my getting to land 'til after day-light had broken.

Once fairly in the bay the sea was quiet enough. On my left was sandy beach with low black rocks interspersed at intervals. Already men and women were astir tramping along the beach with large baskets on their backs. Seeing a small red-tiled village, it seemed a good opportunity for landing.

I got ashore amid some rather troublesome breakers, which drenched me to the skin. Three men helped me to drag up the boat and soon a small crowd of villagers came

down to the sands to examine this strange arrival. They took me to a little inn where, after changing my wet clothes and getting warmed at the fire, I flung myself upon a bed and slept heavily 'til midday.

At one o'clock we dined. The party consisted of the innkeeper, his wife and child, and an old man, probably his father. They were all remarkably kind and made many enquiries about the boat and my intended course.

After dinner, when I showed them my compass, the old man insisted upon getting a saw and cutting a great mark on the floor, so that the north and south might ever afterwards be known. The woman quietly tapped her forehead to indicate that he was mad. To me he appeared the most intelligent of the lot.

Afterwards we went in a body to examine the boat. On the way they very kindly gave me some flowers to take with me. We found it surrounded by a crowd of priests, fishermen, coast guards, women, children, and dogs. They appeared much interested in the boat and looked on attentively while I made my preparations for starting.

When all was ready and I was about to return to the inn, two Englishmen came tumbling down the bank. They greeted me very heartily, though from all appearance neither of them could be considered sober. The first offered to help me in any way. The second contented himself with asserting over and over again that he was a gentleman and that he paid his debts. I left them about three in the afternoon and had a rough but quick passage to Boulogne.

Arrived at some steps in the harbour I was met by a crowd of little clamorous urchins. One of them actually jumped onto the deck of the boat and marked it all over with the prints of his muddy shoeless feet. When all was ready I proceeded to drag the canoe up stairs. This was very quickly effected for at least 20 boys and girls seized the painter and, shouting vociferously, hauled it to the top in triumph. Two men then carried her to the railway station. They were both French, but one of them was so prompt with his "yez-za" that he might have been taken for a genuine Londoner. I found he had spent years in England. The canoe was, with some difficulty, got into the luggage van and after traveling all night we arrived safely at Paris.

The Great Exhibition was, of course, inspected though, I confess, I spent the greater part of my time there in examining the merits of the various seats, for not having had any rest since leaving England, I was so tired as scarcely to be able to stand.

Next morning I had even greater difficulty than before in getting them to let my boat go with me by passenger express. At length they agreed to take it and we started on the great Mediterranean line bound for Magon, where my canoe voyage was to be resumed.

The journey was tedious for the drizzling rain prevented the country outside being seen to advantage and my fellow travelers inside were equally uninteresting. Talking of companions, on the way between Boulogne and Paris I had with me, in the same carriage, two Englishmen, two Frenchmen, and one American. This last was instructive as a study of national character. He was so intensely independent that he was impatient of the slightest control. He had seen Miss Victoria and was now going to have a look at Napoleon. Didn't think much of England as it did nothing but rain. He exercised his independence by saying, "Go on!" whenever the engine whistled

preparatory to starting. Also by abusing the porters and guards in English. He swore he would talk nothing but English. Why couldn't they speak a respectable language?

I reached Magon that night, a tolerably large old town on the Saone. The river rolled its waters steadily along just below my bedroom window. I was to pursue its course as far as Lyons and then the more rapid Rhone was to carry me onwards to the great inland sea.



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I guess I had it coming! I had snuck off unnoticed and alone one July morning to sail my 10' centreboard sloop from Groton Long Point, Connecticut, to West Harbor on Fishers Island, a distance of four nautical miles, if I'd made it, that is.

It was a beautiful morning for a sail and, as I left the Groton Long Point breakwater to starboard, the northeast wind gained in strength and soon the water under the bright red counter was gurgling merrily. As the outline of Fishers Island hove into sight I knew the "short sail" to which I usually restricted myself whenever I behaved like the modern version of Tom Sawyer was going to be extended. Many "short sails" around the bay that summer inadvertently turned out to be day-long cruises for my small sailboat to nearby New London, Mystic, and Stonington. I knew my family didn't mind because a few times they had been part of my crew, but there were other times, like this one, when I had happily gone alone.

As I sailed out into Long Island Sound where it necks down to form the entrance to Fishers Island Sound, the wind picked up from a mild Force 3 to a breezy Force 5. There was a strong outgoing tide through the narrows with a wind against tide condition that created short, steep seas in mid-channel. These conditions worsened as I left the lee made by the Connecticut shore. Occasionally a light spray flew back from the swooping bow as the little sloop danced from one wave top to another.

Then, as I had North Dumppling Island almost abeam, my idyllic passage suddenly came to an abrupt end. For some unknown reason, the boat suddenly swung up into the wind and steep seas. Turning around quickly, I saw that my outboard rudder had been knocked out of the gudgeons on the transom, apparently by some underwater obstruction, and its only connecting link to the boat now was through the tiller in my hand. By this time the bow had passed through the eye of the wind and the boat had come about. Now on the opposite tack, the boat was headed back toward the Connecticut shore. The sails were aback and as I struggled to release the sheets to prevent a knockdown, I unthinkingly let go of the tiller. The light beamy boat swung back into the wind with the sails flapping madly, the tiller and rudder gone. Helplessly in irons, the boat drifted backwards at the mercy of the choppy seas. Tugging at the jib sheet, I got the boat underway again, only to take a big cold wave into the cockpit, which is not self-bailing.

Through all of this I was struck with the necessity of trying to retrieve my missing rudder, although the stark reality hadn't registered that with a metal kick-up blade the rudder probably wouldn't float. I did realize the importance of needing some way to steer my boat if I were to survive in these turbulent waters so far from shore.

Using the little knowledge I had about sailing a boat with just the sails, I began to search the area for any sign of rudder and tiller. It was really a pointless exercise because if anything had been floating I wouldn't have been able to see it in the steep seas anyway, and without a rudder I could only sail a short distance on one tack before accidentally coming about or gybing. Gybing is always a tricky maneuver in choppy water and a strong wind, but in a small boat with no rudder it is sheer murder! Several times my boat was caught broadside by the force of a few ugly breaking waves and almost capsized.

## A Lifetime on the Water

### Part 15



By Lionel Taylor

However, by experimenting with the trim of the sails, I slowly learned how to increase the distance I traveled. A close hauled mainsail forced the boat's bow up into the wind, a taut jib took her downwind. By setting the jib almost flat and allowing the main to run off I was able, for a time, to reach through the search area. Then suddenly, for some unknown reason, possibly from wave action or from a sudden change in the wind speed or direction, I'd lose control of the boat again.

All of this time there had been several large boats in the area either making for or sailing in the comparative lee of South Dumppling and Flat Hammock Islands. Although I made no attempt to request assistance, anyone looking in my direction couldn't help but wonder about my erratic course and violently luffing sails.

I finally realized the futility of looking further for my steering gear and decided I'd best try to make for shore without it. Actually, I believe now that I needed the search time to acclimate myself to the sea conditions and to experiment with the trim of the sails. When I had mentally decided what I was going to do and how I was going to do it, I was anxious to put the plan into operation.

By this time the wind and sea had become too severe for my small sloop. I couldn't remain where I was, exposed to the full onslaught of the elements, but I also wasn't sure I could sail to safety by just the trim of the sails. I knew I couldn't maneuver through a narrow channel without a rudder, the best chance I thought I had was to try to beach the boat.

Both the South and Main Beaches directly across the water from me on the Connecticut shore offered possible havens, if I could make it that far. Once across the Sound I could sail parallel to the shore, if necessary, to reach one of them. With the northeast wind behind me rather than off my starboard beam I also felt it would be easier for me to steer in the calmer, more protected waters.

On the other hand, the closer Fishers Island shore with its rocky lee shoals and outlying islands seemed to present fewer possibilities of safety once I got there and I wasn't sure of how I could get home again. The disadvantage of sailing to the Connecticut side was having to recross most of Fishers Island Sound and the strong outgoing current.

I set off still experimenting with the set of the main and jib to control the boat's course. With the jib in as far as I could get it and the main mostly luffing, I could only sail 100'-150' at the most before accidentally gybing or coming about. This, coupled with the swift current pulling me into the depths of Fishers Island Sound, prevented me from making much progress toward my goal.

I decided I had to try steering with my son's homemade paddle that I had onboard. I had hesitated to do so before because the blade was small and the handle short. Beyond the fact that I carried it for sentimental reasons and for occasional use in a calm, I had no illusions about its ability to serve as a steering oar in an emergency. Without an oarlock or notch in the transom I knew I was going to get a real workout trying to hold the boat on course in the strong wind and waves. However, I had no choice but to try.

With two hands on the paddle, one holding it against the transom, the other on the handle steering, I again got the boat underway. In the meantime, like the proverbial one-armed paperhanger at work, I managed to get the jib and mainsail sheeted in and immediately the little boat started making knots. But in a strong wind gust and with a good size wave under the boat I had to use all my strength to hold her on course.

After steering like this for a period of time, I was forced to rest. Each time I did the boat would swing up into the wind and come about and I'd find myself sailing back toward Fishers Island over precious ground I'd recently gained. Once, in desperation, I tried paddling as hard as I could on the windward side of the boat, hoping in vain to keep her on course this way. As the situation became more desperate, I began to doubt seriously the wisdom of not sailing the shorter distance to Fishers Island. The boat would probably have ridden steadier and been easier to control on the wind rather than off. However, it was too late now as I was more than halfway across the Sound.

As I looked toward the Connecticut shore, I could see I had more than a mile to go to the red channel buoy that marked the old wreck off Groton Long Point. After steering through a series of long tacks, sometimes with the paddle held at right angles to the transom to keep the boat on course. I had to rest again. Despite the strong chilling wind I was wet with sweat and my aching arms hung uselessly at my sides. As the boat lay in a deep trough she took another breaking wave broadside and almost went over. All my gear was floating around in the bottom. I was barely afloat. For a moment I was seized with panic. It looked like I wasn't going to make it to shore. In my exhausted condition, I probably couldn't have clung long to the overturned boat, no less had the strength to right it. I cursed myself as a fool for starting out without letting someone know where I'd gone.

I figured I had one last chance. I had to take the mainsail down and try to sail with the jib alone. I wasn't sure if I'd be able to breast the strong current with so small a sail. However, with the main down and flapping wildly about the boom and the loose halyard streaming straight out in front of me in the wind I, at least, was able to sail without accidentally coming about or gybing. I had also gotten far enough across Fishers Island Sound so that my course to South Beach was now almost directly downwind, an ideal direction I found for sailing my boat under jib alone. Now when I did temporarily lose control of the boat and her stern swung across the eye of the wind the jib would fill on the other tack and bring her back on course again. Best of all, the wind and the waves decreased somewhat in the partial lee of the Connecticut shore.

I also found I could steer for a short time in the calmer waters with one hand, bracing



the paddle against the quarter rub rail rather than against the transom. This freed my other hand for bailing. The water in the cockpit started to go down and with it my fear of capsizing in the sluggish hull. As I got closer to the Connecticut shore I began to gain slowly on the weakening current. Conditions had improved so much, in fact, as I neared the red nun buoy off South Beach that I decided to continue down the shore to Main Beach which was larger, more accessible, and closer to home.

However, I wasn't there yet. I had another problem to overcome first. I had to sail through the rip tides and overfalls the ebbing tide creates off the southern tip of Groton Long Point. If I could make it around the point, I reasoned, well and good. If not, I could still drift back with the current to the small and rocky South Beach my original goal.

As I neared the point I edged closer to shore until I could see the rocky bottom. With the centerboard up as far as I could get it and yet maintain stability and some maneuverability, I reduced the 3' my boat usually draws to 1' or less. Dodging a few rocky heads just visible below the surface, I reached the tidal area and immediately my forward progress stopped. The strong cur-

rent swung me around and the boat picked up speed going in the wrong direction! Paddling as hard as I could, I got the boat headed in the right direction again. I realized I could have used more sail to weather the point, but with the main halyard out of reach that was impossible. I'd have to stay with the jib and try again.

Moving to a new location 30'-50' farther out from shore, I found a little more wind and a little less current over the softer bottom. Sailing through the overfalls gave me a few anxious moments but there was no denying my forward progress. As I slipped slowly around the point I knew it was all downhill for me from here on. We'd made it!

This experience certainly won't stop me from singlehanded my boat again next spring, after I get a new rudder and tiller. But between now and then I'll have a chance to think about what I did wrong and what I'd do the next time to prevent a similar incident from occurring.

Just before starting back toward the Connecticut shore after losing my rudder I remembered spotting a lobster pot buoy pulled just under the surface of the water by the strong current. I must have sailed directly over the buoy or line without seeing it and

popped my outboard rudder straight up and out of its gudgeons. Although I'd hit underwater obstructions before, I'd never lost the rudder. It was a one-chance-in-a-thousand occurrence, but it did happen.

For this reason my new rudder will have a foot cut in the wood just below the lower pintle. The next time I hit an underwater obstruction the rudder blade will kick up and out of the way as it's supposed to, but the rudder itself should remain in place no matter how direct the hit.

I'll have a standard size paddle or oar aboard (but will still take along my son's!) that will be long enough and have a wide enough blade to serve as a steering oar in case of a future emergency. I may also install an oarlock mounting in the transom to facilitate its use.

Although I'd had an anchor on board, the line was not long enough to reach bottom when I needed it. However, if I'd had the amount of line I should have been carrying, I might have been able to anchor in deeper water when I'd badly needed to rest and bail.

And, oh yes, the next time I decide to sneak off for a short sail around the bay, I'll be sure to leave a note behind telling my family which "bay" I have in mind!

## Start of the 18-Footers, Eastern Y.C., July 2, 1904

*(From The Rudder, 2904)*



### The International Scene

The renewed high cost of bunker fuel plus a lack of empty containers in Asia forced the world's biggest container company, Maersk Line, to send its container ships through the Suez Canal again instead of around Africa.

South Korea finally freed the master and first officer of the Chinese tanker *He-bei Spirit* and dismissed the major charges against them. They had been found guilty and held in jail for 550 days, all because they hadn't moved their anchored tanker when a runaway barge, loose from its two towing tugs, drifted downwind into the tanker in bad conditions and punctured its tanks. The resulting crude oil spill was the worse in Korean history and the government seemed impelled to blame the tanker and its officers. Lesser charges, however, were not dismissed so the officers now have criminal records and must pay a fine of up to \$16,000. (This case has enraged the international shipping community.)

The Free Zone of Colon at the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal lost \$50 million a day due to a 48-hour strike by customs officers.

Jawaharal Nehru Port in Maharashtra handles 60% of India's containers but has been operating at a slowdown since March due to a growing shortage of empty railcars.

### Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships collided and allided: Off Turkey's Aegean coast the cement-carrying *Marti Princess*, headed for France with a cargo of cement, and the container ship *Renate Schulte*, headed to a shipyard for repairs, collided and became stuck together. The *Schulte* eventually continued its voyage, perhaps accompanied by the *Princess*.

In Holland the coaster *Sylvia* allided with a Fast Ferry jetty. Three passengers waiting on the jetty escaped injury by jumping onto a ferry that had just berthed.

Off Qatar the somewhat elderly, probably overloaded, oil field support boat *Damas Victory* rolled over and sank in not very bad weather, killing most of the 35 people on board.

In China the bulkier *CHS Star* collided with the bulkier *Surf* in the anchorage at Tianjin. The *Star*, carrying 142,000 tonnes of iron ore, suffered some damage.

Production at Jamaica's only refinery was soon back to 90% even though the tanker *Great News* (!) had badly damaged the refinery dock, several pipelines, and a large crane during a horrendous docking.

In Chittagong, Bangladesh, the steel-carrying *Kent Legislation* ran into a jetty, damaging it and the jetty and all work on the jetty had to be stopped.

A small (159-tonne) sand-carrying vessel was the loser when it and the 36,502-tonne *Beilun Seli* collided in the East China Sea near Zhejiang Province. Four of five crewmen died but the leaking craft was towed to shore.

Near Tokyo there was a head-on collision between the 200-gt cargohopper *Yawata Maru No. 8* and the 7,100-dwt *ThaiLine 2* and, for once, the larger ship was towed away.

### Ships Ran Aground

In Taiwan tropical storm *Linfa* forced the tanker *Colombo Queen* ashore, no leakage.

At Rio de Janeiro the container ship *MSC Antares* ran aground in Sepetiba Bay.

Bad news may come in pairs, the tanker *Golden Akane* ran aground in the Philippines. 32 – *Messing About in Boats*, September 2009

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

and the master radioed that a motorboat was suspiciously circling his vessel.

### Fire and Explosion Took a Toll

Some 75 miles off Holland the product tanker *Aquamarina* had an explosion and fire in the forepeak and local tugs rushed out to its assistance. One crewman was missing and his body was found in the forecabin.

Fire ripped through the 378' high-endurance cutter *USCGC Galatin* (WHEC-721) while it was under repair at Charleston, South Carolina. The cutter, home based at Charleston, was built in 1968.

At Hong Kong fire on the container ship *MOL Prosperity* raged for over a week and firemen had to flood Hold #7 to get control. The fire started as the vessel was nearing Hong Kong and it took nearly an hour to steam into port within reach of firemen and fireboats.

### Humans Got Hurt

A Chinese crewman fell off the container ship *Sao Paulo* about 754 miles southwest of Kodiak, Alaska. He was not found.

A search in the Mediterranean for a Russian seaman believed overboard eventually found him on board the un-named vessel.

At Shanghai the collapse of a ship's crane on the Chinese bulkier *Linghai* crushed a worker.

In Australia two seamen working on scaffolding in the hold of an un-named bulkier anchored off Port Kembla needed help by helicopter-delivered rescuers. The men suffered fractures and possible spinal injuries.

In Tuzla, Turkey, one shipyard worker was killed and several others were injured by an explosion. That brought the number of fatalities in that one yard to 61 in the last nine years.

### Other Events

California was hit with a spate of minor accidents. A 56' motorsailer yacht fell off a delivery ship at San Diego and sank.

The Swedish-flagged 653' car carrier *Otello* rammed a pier at Port of Hueneme and the Panamanian-flagged *Kristi Jade* banged its mast against a highway bridge while en route to a refinery at Martinez.

In Chile the crude-oil tanker *HS Elektra* suffered a ballast tank crack from the bow back to the ship's midsection. Cargo was quickly unloaded and temporary repairs allowed the vessel to reach a Brazilian shipyard.

The small Ukrainian reefer *Beriks*, full of Brazilian poultry and Chinese pork that have deteriorated since the ship sailed from the Georgian port of Poti last December, left the Black Sea port of Kerch after being refused a permit for repairs. At Odessa the master announced that the ship had only enough food, water, and fuel for three more days and then the smell would get really bad when refrigeration failed and the frozen meat started defrosting.

Forward progress of the *Turkmenistan* stopped when the vessel hit buoy #8 on the Volga-Caspian channel and the buoy anchor chain wrapped itself around the propeller shaft.

At Cape Town the bulkier *Doceriver* dragged its anchor in Table Bay and was nearly ashore before the crew got the engine run-

ning and the ship slowly made its way back to the anchorage where the tug *Indomitable* came out to stand by. (That British tug has yet to make it back to the British Isles after being stationed in the Falkland Islands for a decade.)

Offshore, the *Safmarine Meru* lost 21 containers and searchers found some still floating or washed ashore.

Also off South Africa, but on the other coast, the Cape-sized (about 92,000 tons) bulkier *Kiran* lost power and, pushed by winds of 50+ knots, nearly drifted ashore. The big salvage tug *Smit Amandla* got a line on her just in time. The tug is one of two giants, among the world's most-powerful tugs, that were built by the South African government for just such emergencies.

Two smaller tugs struggling to get around the southern tip of Africa had serious problems. The deep-sea tug *Salvaliant*, towing the barge *Margaret* loaded with 13 river barges built in China, lost the tow but regained it and both went into Durban for repairs. The tow resumed but again the towline snapped and the *Margaret* (and its barges) went ashore on a rocky beach at Jacobs Baai.

The smaller *Hako 18* was headed for Nigeria with the barges *GTO XXIX* and *GTO XXIV*, both loaded with construction equipment. The tug *Pentow Skua* was hired from Mossel Bay to stand by but was unable to do anything when the *GTO XXIV* broke free and drifted ashore near Three Sisters Rock, where it broke its back.

### Gray Fleets

Shades of the Cold War! In the Philippines in Subic Bay a submerged Chinese sub got too close to the destroyer *USS John McCain* and contacted its trailing sonar array.

Shades of the next war? The North Korean freighter *Kang Nam I*, possibly carrying nuclear materials or other components of possible great harm, was trailed by the destroyer *USS John McCain* (yep, the same warship as above) in accordance with yet another United Nations resolution. The slow moving ship got about 250 miles south of Hong Kong and then circled back towards North Korea.

The new Russian spy submarine *Sarov* (B-90) has the usual Diesel-electric power plant but an ultra-small nuclear reactor plant also charges the batteries and that provides a longer run-silent time than normal for Diesel-electric subs.

Each month presents another surprise or two about Australia's fleet of submarines. The latest is that the sub cooks make more (about AUS\$160,000 a year) than some admirals. (Let's see, you start with a base pay of \$47,000, then add bonuses for being at sea, in a submarine, and hard to recruit.) By the way, there are three cooks on each of the six subs.

And at HMAS Stirling 300,000 litres of water in the submariner-training tank leaked undetected into nearby ditches over a weekend.

Townsville, in northern Queensland, had to cancel a port visit by the aircraft carrier *USS Essex* because the port could only provide a three-day dock (due to prior commitments) rather than the eight days the Navy desired. It cost the Townsville economy AUS\$10-12 million when the ship docked at Cairns instead.

A usually shy *Dolphin*-class Israeli submarine transited the Suez Canal twice last month and no fuss was made since Egypt and Israel are not at war. It is believed that Israeli submarines may carry nuclear missiles as well as conventional weapons.



## White Fleets

The cruise ship *Royal Princess* had to return to Port Said in Egypt after an engine room fire.

The US Coast Guard spotted some 16 discrepancies, such as a small hole and a crack in the hull of the *Oceanic*, and detained the cruise ship at New York until fixes were made. The 848 passengers were put up at an Atlantic City hotel while the ship was in a Bayonne drydock.

On the Clyde, the Scottish paddlewheel steamer *Waverley* was taken out of service after striking Dunoon Pier. Both the pier and steamer were damaged.

The *Royal Clipper* sailing cruise ship arrived in Libya and the crew had to cover most of the bare-breasted figurehead with a burqa-like shroud. Libya also banned alcohol sales and American passport holders. Incidentally, the ample-bosomed figurehead is said to have been modeled after the owner's daughter.

An intoxicated passenger on the *Carnival Inspiration* climbed on a rail to get a better view of an approaching pilotboat and splashed. He was found clinging to a buoy hours later.

And on the *Carnival Holiday*, a female passenger went overboard and was not found.

On St Thomas, more than two dozen passengers from the *Freedom of the Seas* were taken to a hospital after their amphibious tour vehicle crashed while on land. All but one were released in time to sail late that night.

The *Emerald Princess* arrived at St Petersburg with 14 people sick with H1N1 (swine) flu. Most were crewmembers.

The *Adventure of the Seas* was turned away from both St Lucia and Antigua due to worries about swine flu cases on board and Australia and New Caledonia were also reported as telling cruise ships to stay away.

Other cruise ships afflicted with some variety of flu included the *Zaandam*, *Dawn Princess*, *Pacific Sun*, and *Pacific Dawn*.

The *Marco Polo* arrived at Invergordon in northern Scotland with 150-200 sick people and one 74-year-old dead man. He had a history of chronic heart problems and they probably were hosting the norovirus.

The QE2 was sold to Dubai to be a tourist attraction but may end up as a luxury hotel on Cape Town's V&A Waterfront. (The Waterfront is a wonderful, under-advertised conglomeration of Cape Town's original ports of the Victoria and Alfred Basins with their still-working piers, drydock, boatyard, fishing boats, tugs, etc, plus about 300 tourist-oriented shops, cafes, hotels, a museum and an aquarium, and much more. The nautically minded can spend days sitting on the balcony outside of the Hard Rock Café eating lunch while watching the tug scene below. I did, and I highly recommend a Waterfront visit.)

## Those That Go Back and Forth

Last year, ferries worldwide carried over two billion passengers, 255 million vehicles, and 34.1 million trailers.

In an accident uncomfortably reminiscent of the 2003 ferry crash that killed 11 at Staten Island, another New York ferry, the *Sen John J. Marchi*, continued on at full speed into a Staten Island dock. This time there were ample warnings and only 17 were injured. The accident was caused by the failure of a transformer that caused three other transformers to trip out.

In Norway the *Kargero* with 80 passengers and vehicles ran aground near Skatoy.

While under repair at Lembar Harbour, West Lombok, the ro-ro *Nusa Sejahtera* caught fire and at least 12 cabins were destroyed.

Because the Hawaiian Supreme Court had ruled that the Hawaii Superferry must file an environmental impact study, the company ceased operations, declared bankruptcy, and wants to abandon both of its big superferry routes to its creditors.

In Fiji, strong winds, rain, and engine problems forced the elderly ro-ro *Suilven*, carrying more than 100 passengers, to divert from its Savussavu-Suva route and take shelter at Levuka.

At Seattle, police looked for a woman who had abandoned her gold Mitsubishi Galant on the Seattle-Bainbridge ferry *Tacoma*. She was seen walking off the ferry and her family noted she had had similar episodes in the past.

Filipino ferry line Sulpico has sold off at least four of its ferries because of safety rules imposed after its *Tacloban Princess* killed more than 800 people in June 2008.

At the Greek port of Piraeus the *Seadream II* had anchor problems and bumped into the yacht *Canard Laque*, which was moored stern-first to the quay. Minor damage to the yacht, no injuries to its two occupants.

## Legal Matters

At Tianjin, China, in March 2007, the Panamanian-flagged container ship *MSC Joanna* collided expensively with the Dutch dredger *W.D. Fairway*. Both were big ships, the dredger grossing in at 33,423 tonnes. Money involved was also big, \$10 million in damages to the container ship and \$326 million in damages to the dredger plus an estimated loss of income of \$25-30 million while repairs were made. Royal Boskalis, the dredger's owner, sought legal recourse in American courts because China law limits an award to \$20 million but a divided panel of judges in a US federal appeals court threw out the lawsuit. (Insurance had already paid for the dredger's repairs.)

## Illegal Imports

One stowaway died, another needed hospitalization, and three others fled after the freighter *Forrest Venture* arrived at Pascagoula, Mississippi, from the Dominican Republic.

Australian authorities intercepted a boat with 194 refugees.

The sinking of a motorboat in Indonesia may have killed 74 illegal Afghani immigrants.

## Metal-Bashing

Two months of unpaid salaries was too much for 600 workers at the Rousse Shipyards in Bulgaria so they went on strike. Management helpfully explained, "You can interpret this as employees' unrest if you want."

An Alaskan shipbuilder is building an ice-breaking catamaran ferry for the state and the US Navy (which helped pay for it) will get to test it first because of its unique variable draft and movable center section.

## Nature

The Sea Shepherd Conservation Society launched Operation Waltzing Matilda, another campaign against Japanese whalers in the Antarctic. The Society's Capt Paul Watson said they decided to demonstrate solidarity with multi-national research projects by researching non-lethal means for defending whales. "Of course, this may include research into Japanese ship's hull plate thickness, vessel stress tests, and paint chip analysis as well

as whaler behaviour in response to olfactory stimulation." (The last refers to stinkbombs.) The Society's *Steve Irwin* may be joined by the New Zealand powerboat *Earthrace*, which broke the world's record for circumnavigating the globe in 2008.

And in Nova Scotia a judge ruled that the master and first mate of the Sea Shepherd's "yacht" *Farley Mowat* were guilty of getting within half a nautical mile of the annual seal hunt in 2008 without proper authorization. They face a maximum fine of \$100,000 but were not present for the ruling.

## Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

The eyes of the world were on Somali piracy. In general, ransom demands increased, ships were captured, ships were released, pirates increased the intensity of their threats, one mariner was killed, more warships from more nations patrolled more and were increasingly effective, and there is no real solution in sight unless a valid and firm government ashore can be established.

Nigeria remained nasty, too. Militants of the Movement for the Emancipation of the Niger Delta took six crewmembers off the chemical tanker *Siehem Peace* and vessels heading towards Escravos were advised not to anchor but to drift 50 miles out until called in for berthing.

Piracy of lower intensity also flourished. For instance, in the South China Sea six raiders took a laptop, mobile phones, a wristwatch, and cash from the crew of the tanker *Sigloo Discovery*. The baddies were armed with crowbars, batons, and a butcher knife plus raffia for tying up crewmen. Their pirate vessel was a wooden craft shaped like a long canoe.

In the Malacca Strait similar robbers boarded the deep-sea tug *Salviceroy*, which was towing the barge *HDB 1006*, but the crew locked themselves in the accommodation area and blocked all access to or from the deck. Somewhat discouraged, the lootless robbers took off in their small boat.

## Odd Bits

The US Navy oceanographic research ship *USNS Bruce C. Heezen* will be part of a joint US/Vietnamese team investigating underwater sites that might contain Americans who went missing in action during the Vietnamese War.

Tampa-based treasure-seeker (and quite successful at that) Odyssey Marine Exploration may lose its claim to \$500 million worth of about 600,000 colonial silver and gold coins on the Spanish warship *Mercedes*, sunk after the Battle of Cape St Mary's in 1804. The Florida company found the wreck in 2007 and retrieved some items. It then asked Spain for either "law of finds" possessory rights or a liberal salvage award under the "law of salvage." Spain, however, claimed all rights and US Courts may agree. No worry, though. The company has a dozen or more similar wrecks under investigation.

The 41' (12.6m) yacht *Carenza*, crewed by two adults and six children, was en route from Tonga to New Zealand when the sloop became dismasted and rigging fouled the rudder and keel. Its EPIRB was activated and a RNZAF Hercules aircraft vectored the French warship *La Glorieuse* (P 686) to the scene 203 nautical miles north of North Cape where it took off everyone on board and scuttled the yacht. (The French patrolboat, normally stationed at Noumea, was on its way to New Zealand on a courtesy visit.)



Building *Golden Days* in 1975. Back: Jim Gardiner, Tom Taylor, Meade Gougeon, Craig Blackwell. Front: Joel Gougeon, Jan Gougeon, Norm Baker, J.R. Watson.

## Looking Back

### How WEST SYSTEM® Products Got Their Start

By Meade Gougeon

2009 is the 40th anniversary of Gougeon Brothers, Inc. 1969 marked a point in the Gougeon brothers' careers when they applied all they had learned about wooden structures and epoxy technology to manufacture, for the first time, a product utilizing wood/epoxy composite construction. The full story of Gougeon Brothers, Inc begins long before that date and is sure to continue well into the next 40 years

Our early years of trial and error in boat construction planted the seeds for the eventual development of West System Epoxy products and the knowledge base for using them properly.

It began after World War II when boats were hard to come by. My brothers and I were growing up on Lake Huron's Saginaw Bay and took to building our own boats. Our first attempts were crude and leaky but we progressed to better-fitting parts held together with bronze Anchorfast™ nails and Weldwood™ glue. Later some of the newer resorcinol adhesives offered better gap filling properties that improved overall bonding capability, but we still had to rely on fasteners to hold together our structural components.

A new epoxy technology came to our attention in the late '50s to early '60s. Detroit's automotive patternmakers were switching from resorcinol glues to epoxy adhesives to

laminare pattern stock because the epoxy required less clamping pressure. One pattern maker, Victor Carpenter, became enamored with this new bonding potential and used it to build a small sailboat. His project turned out so well that he gave up patternmaking and became the first professional boat builder to use epoxy, along with traditional fasteners, to assemble wooden boats. In 1959, at the age of 14, my youngest brother Jan began working for Vic after school and on weekends. He helped Vic build several boats including an S&S 37 keelboat. The things Jan learned from Vic at an early age provided a significant boost to our later work in boat construction and epoxy development.

After graduating from college in 1960 I moved to Kansas City and began making a living as an industrial salesman. I lined up a local source of epoxy, then designed and built a Sunfish-type 14' sailboat. My goal was to eliminate the use of fasteners. The results were disappointing, several of the bonded joints failed. The problem was an inappropriate epoxy product compounded by lack of experience. But even then the revolutionary potential of epoxy technology was clear. Over the next several years Jan and I would work hard to learn as much as possible about epoxy-bonded joinery. Our goal was to eliminate fasteners in wooden boat construction.

Wooden boat building was on its way out in the early '60s, replaced by newer fiberglass reinforced resin technology. Over thousands of years wooden boat building had evolved to become totally reliant on fasteners to hold together the parts and pieces that form a boat. The problem with this traditional method is that even the best designed joints can transfer only 25% of wood's ultimate strength. To accommodate joint inefficiency, wooden boats of the past were heavier than necessary. Wood's real potential became evident during World War II when hot-molded laminate made with veneer and resorcinol glues under high pressures proved stronger than metal.

A good example of this is the all wood deHavilland Mosquito bomber, still one of the lightest airplanes ever built for its horsepower rating. It has long been known wood can be a superior engineering material if the joint problem can be overcome.

The only problem with building the Mosquito bomber was the need to bond it all together with a minimum clamping pressure of 125psi. This was done at a huge cost,

Two early racing trimarans, the *Funky Tri* and *Victor T*, that led to the development of *Adagio* and other Gougeon designs.



both for tooling and labor, which could be afforded only during wartime when metals for building planes were in short supply.

When it became apparent epoxy had the potential to eliminate this burdensome requirement of massive clamping pressure, it seemed possible to completely bond large wooden structures efficiently and at a low cost. The prospect challenged our imaginations and led us down a path of trial and error over the next ten years, culminating in the building of the trimaran *Adagio*.

Launched in 1970, *Adagio* was the first large, all epoxy bonded and sealed wooden boat built without the use of fasteners. Jan and I built her in just six months. This summer *Adagio* begins her 40th season and will again be a serious contender in the Great Lakes Mackinac regattas.

More importantly, she has withstood the test of time. *Adagio* is proof that fully bonded, wooden monocoque structures can be built within cost and time constraints and last for generations.

The trial-and-error projects leading up to *Adagio* included a series of five racing trimarans and numerous DN iceboats. Our goal for each of these projects was to build the lightest structures possible. We wanted to produce race-winning boats. Our emerging wood/epoxy technology quickly developed an advantage over the best fiberglass technology of that time. By continuously pressing the edge of material performance, we learned from both success and failure, contributing to our knowledge base.

The DN iceboat, with its highly loaded components continually operating at strain rates just short of failure, proved to be an excellent test bed. Many broken masts and runner planks put us on a fast-track learning path to understand what was possible and what was practical in wood/epoxy composite construction.

In 1969, with this crucial knowledge

in hand, we began building DN's as our first product and would sell more than 200 iceboats over the next five years.

The epoxy system we were using worked well as an adhesive but was difficult to apply as a coating. Where we really got lucky in our quest for epoxy technology was to be located 17 miles east of Dow Chemical Company's world headquarters. Dow and Shell chemical companies were the major base-epoxy suppliers in the US, having imported the technology from Germany in the mid '50s. The material was used mainly to replace the tin in cans and act as a protective undercoat to metal surfaces. It created a tightly cross-linked coating resistant to water and moisture vapor.

Herbert Dow, grandson of the Dow Chemical Company's founder, was an avid sailor who we introduced to ice boating. After seeing what we were up to, Herb made it possible for us to work with several chemists in Dow's epoxy lab to help us develop epoxy resin and hardener products we could use as both an adhesive and a coating.

We were now seriously into both bonding and sealing wood with epoxy. Our goal was to solve one of wood's most difficult problems, its tendency to absorb moisture and swell. It was well known in the industry that epoxy-based technology had the potential to create a formidable moisture barrier. With Dow's help we developed the formulations that became the basis of the WEST SYSTEM group of products we introduced in 1971.

In that year my brother Joel returned from Vietnam, having flown 131 combat missions. At the time word was traveling as to what we were doing in our shop. Other boat builders were coming around asking questions and wanting to buy some of the epoxy resin and hardeners we were formulating for our own use. We were flattered, but with the frequent interruptions it was becoming in-

creasingly difficult to get our boats built. Joel had saved some money during his four years in the Air Force and arrived at exactly the right time to invest in our fledgling business and help start a new business venture selling our epoxy. Another family member, my brother-in-law Grant Urband, who had just moved his family back to Bay City from California, also joined our new enterprise.

We worked hard those first months, setting up production facilities and developing packaging and labels. But looking back, this was actually the easy part. Far more difficult was adequately educating our new customers on the proper metering, mixing, and applying of the various components of the new WEST SYSTEM product line. Having worked with epoxy over the previous ten years we'd mistakenly assumed it would be as easy for the average customer to understand as it was for us. Instead, we found ourselves spending a good portion of our time on the phone explaining how to use the products or providing tours of our shop to visitors who wanted to see with their own eyes this revolutionary approach to using wood as engineering material. To keep our boat building obligations on track, we hired J.R. Watson, Jim Derck, and Craig Blackwell. Later Jim Gardiner and Robert Monroe came aboard. J.R. and Jim are still with us as technical advisors, Robert is our President and CEO.

In 1972 we introduced the first WEST SYSTEM Technical Manual to help our customers understand our products, which were like none other on the market. We expanded the manual over the next several years, focusing on answers to question our customers commonly asked. We later published other, more project-specific manuals including *Wooden Boat Restoration & Repair* and *Fiberglass Boat Repair and Maintenance*. We also wrote *The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction*, a definitive work on cold-molded construction

In early 1970 *Adagio* under construction in a small boat shop on Sophia St. in Bay City, Michigan. *Adagio* is picked up and carried to her launching by Meade's family and friends in the summer of 1970.







DN iceboat production was in full swing in the Martin St. boat shop in the early '70s.



"Building boats for the pleasure of it," Jan and Greg Bull place the deck of Jan's latest boat in position on the freshly glued hull. The 40' wood/foam/carbon/epoxy catamaran (for now Project K) is certain to be the subject of at least one future *Epoxyworks* article.



Meade's *Gougmaran* was launched in 2004. Like *Adagio's* launch decades earlier, it's good to have the support of family and friends and a few more Gougeon employees.

with wood and WEST SYSTEM materials, now in its fifth edition. The key to our customers' success with these products was a dedicated technical staff offering one-on-one support by phone, mail, and in person, combined with our growing library of informative publications. Satisfied customers made the West System part of our business grow steadily over the years. Our technical support model is similar today, but with the added modern conveniences of email, the internet, and, of course, our new website featuring instructional videos and PDFs of all of our manuals.

The growing demands of our epoxy business made it difficult to continue our one-off and production boat building operations. We discontinued building boats in 1993 but the boat shop we began in long ago is still in operation. Jan and I have come full circle. I like to think we "succeeded" our way back to the boat shop, where we build our own boats for the pleasure of it and are still discovering new things about processes and materials. Jan is finishing up a 40' trailerable, self-righting catamaran he hopes to launch this summer. I have been playing with small boats, mostly sailing canoes. And of course we both are still into iceboats, which is our first love. We supposedly are retired but I think we are still doing research and development, just as we did in the years leading up to the introduction of WEST SYSTEM products.

In 1988 Craig Blackwell established Blackwell Boatworks in Mann's Harbor, North Carolina. His company has built more than 60 sportfishing boats ranging from 28' to 72'. See [www.blackwellboatworks.com](http://www.blackwellboatworks.com).

After leaving Gougeon Brothers, Jim Gardiner went to South Florida where he worked for or with a number of top firms such as Schoell Marine and Derector Florida. Jim was a principal at Consolidated Yachts and a co-founder of Egret Boats. He and his wife Ginger live in Washington, North Carolina, operating Compmillenia and Egret Boats.

The Gougeon Brothers, Inc. team in 2008.





In the late winter before his untimely death, author and boat builder Robb White came to Sewanee, Tennessee, at the behest of the Friends of the Library. Robb brought along his felucca and invited area boat builders to bring their craft (a sort of impromptu messabout or boat show). I brought the Joel White-designed Shellback dinghy that I had built and about ten homemade wooden boats showed up.

I had met Robb several times at the Cedar Key small boat gathering in early May each year, and I admired his twice-monthly writings in *Messing About in Boats* (some of which were published in *How to Build a Tin Canoe*). I had also published in *Messing About in Boats* so the gathering in my home town was a special event for me.

We all gathered in front of the library, raised sails, and commenced to talking about boats and admiring one another's boats as if we were on the Atsina Otie beach during the Cedar Key Messabout. After a while the wind picked up and began to blow cold and hard. Robb asked if I thought we should shorten sail. I answered that I had been taught that

## Robb White

By Doug Cameron  
Doug\_Cameron@bellsouth.net



when you think of reefing, it's probably already a little late.

We both dropped our sails and fled to the lee of the library porch as a crowd began to gather for the "lecture." Snow was falling

a few minutes later as we went inside for the discussion of plants (for Robb's formal training was as a botanist and several prominent local botanists had come to see what he had to say).

The talk and its aftermath of questions lasted about an hour and a half. When we emerged into the twilight to about 3" of snow we found that students had made snowmen and put them at the helms of each of the boats. I dug the snow out of the Shellback and headed home to a warm fire and supper.

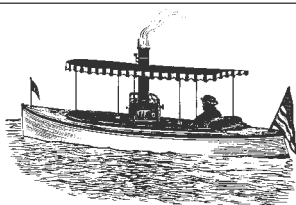
A couple of months later at the Cedar Key Messabout I spoke with Robb about the snowmen. He said that he had pushed over the snowman into his boat and added a bit more snow from the lawn. The next morning he made a point to depart early and to drive as fast as he could back home to Thomasville, Georgia, near the Florida line. There his grandchildren, who had never seen snow, were able to make snowballs and have snow ice cream.

About a month later Robb died in an operating room of a brain aneurism. I will miss him and I reread his tales often.



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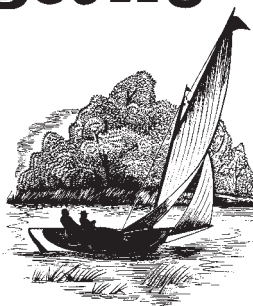
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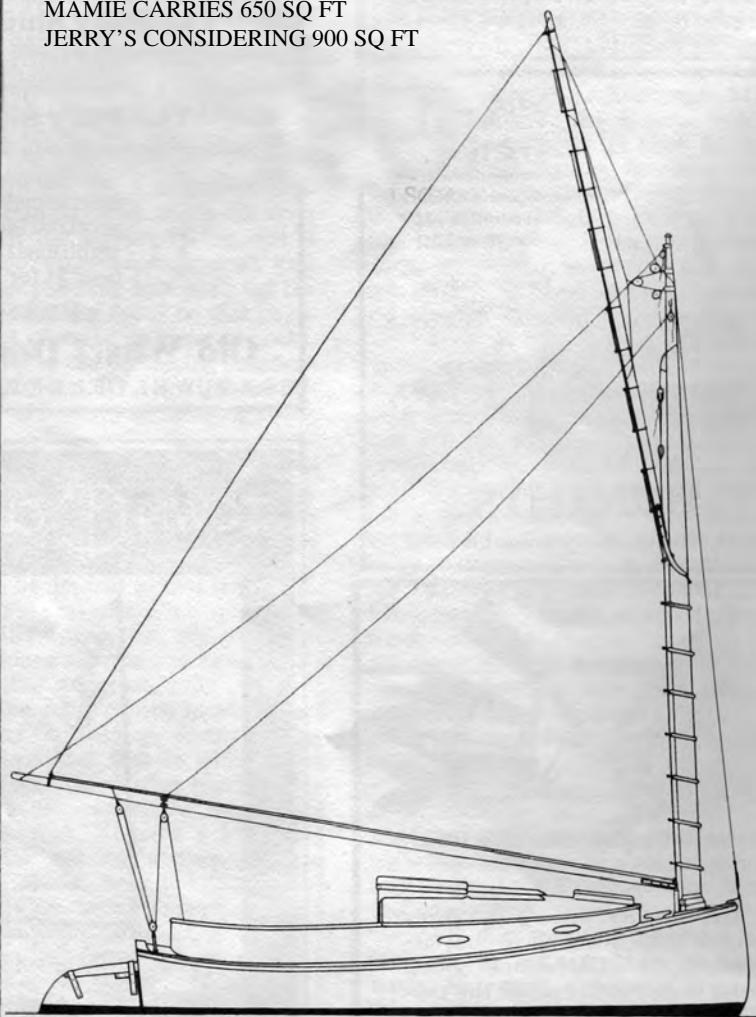
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The rules were succinct. No protest will be accepted, rules of the road apply. Anchored start with sails furled. Simple stuff. It was the 4th Annual Catboat Association race on the Massachusetts North Shore, organized near Manchester by Jerry Jodice. So I decided to accept Jerry's invitation to ride along in his 25' Fenwick William's designed catboat, *Mamie*, see what racing a catboat is all about. Of course they do race, but catboats appear to me as somewhat plump and funky craft more suited to sedate and sociable cruising.

And so on July 28 that's what finally did happen, we went on a sedate and sociable cruise, for of the 17 entrants who had signed up beforehand, only one turned out, two lads from Essex in a Beetle Cat. Nobody else. Nobody called either. How come? Bad weather on the Friday may have discouraged some who were to sail in Friday afternoon for Saturday's event. But others located right around Salem Sound never budged off their moorings.

Jerry had things all set up for the expected entry but he took the disappointment in stride and eight of us got aboard *Mamie*

for a cruise over to Marblehead and back. The boys in the Beetle came along, too, not that far back, although in the light airs that 650 square feet of mainsail on Jerry's boat worked to advantage.

"So what does this one do for you that the 22' Marshall didn't," I asked our host. Jerry smiled around his ever-present pipe and replied, "More room for more people, I like to cruise with a lot of friends." Well, that was certainly so. The eight of us lolled about this very big 25-footer without any getting in each other's way. Jerry has had as many




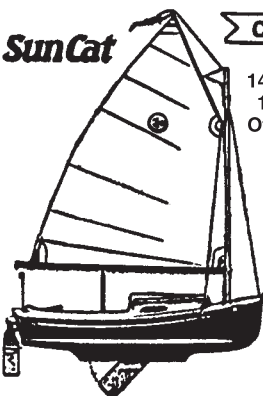
as 14 aboard, which seemed to be approaching capacity. Not only does he like to have a number of friends aboard for the social aspect, but he then draws on them for the extra hands needed to furl that monster sail. "Furling is the most difficult thing about handling this boat," he will tell you. The 30' boom hangs way out beyond the transom despite its right-up-in-the-bow hookup with the mast. The lazy jacks catch the cloth as flakes down over the cockpit area, but there's still an awful lot of folding and tucking needed to get it all neatly put away.

Wine, beer, calzone, cold cuts, a moderate light breeze, a seaway of 2' easy swells rolling in, a sky that looked troubled with chaotic clouds that were breaking up in the aftermath of the Friday rainstorm, hardly any other boats out in normally jam-packed Salem Sound, all made for a nice five-hour round trip across from Manchester to Marblehead. A trip through Marblehead's packed harbor under engine power, lunch there, added a bit of rubberneck opportunity to the day, lots of interesting big bucks yachts moored there. En route back we met another catboat, another couple from Essex had arrived too late in their 18' Marshall, and had sailed about near Misery Island awaiting some sighting of *Mamie*.

So the entire catboat fleet of three returned to Manchester and a shoreside cook-out originally set up to feed the crews of 17. All those who found home even more comfy than their catboats on this mellow summer day missed a good outing. I began to gain a bit of insight into why those people who enjoy catboats are so committed to their craft. A boat unique to New England, and mainly concentrated around Cape Cod, the catboat in any length is a whole lot of boat with all sorts of room for that all important socializing. Six ton, 25' long by 12' beam *Mamie*, with her 650sf sail, suits Jerry Jodice's boating needs perfectly. "I don't go much of anywhere," he says, "just cruising around here with friends." He likes his wooden craft, built for him by the Landing Boatshop of Kennebunkport, Maine (see our July 15 issue). "It's a warmer sort of environment than my glass boat was," he'll explain, "but I'd have bought a glass boat if one had been available in this size with this sort of interior finish."



Top left: *Mamie* is beamy as a catboat should be. Top right: Harold Burnham brought his Beetle Cat over from Essex, the only other boat to make it to the start. Bottom: The entire fleet of three returns to Manchester under power at day's end.

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SEPT. 17-20



While the wholesale ripping up of flooring in old American houses in search of similar items is not recommended, the oldest known shipbuilder's draught of an American vessel lay hidden for over 200 years until recently discovered on the underside of a pine board that was part of the garret flooring of the James Maxwell house in Warren, Rhode Island.

One day in the spring of 1977, Robert H. Baker, house restorer and boat builder of Westport, Massachusetts (no known relation to the writer), was contemplating the overhead structure of a second story room in the Maxwell house and discussing the restoring of the ceiling with members of the Massachusetts Historical Association who owns the property. He noticed that on the underside of an exposed garret floorboard, a board about 6' long 2' wide and obviously a patch, there were some unusual scribed lines. His knowledge of boats enabled him immediately to recognize these scribings as draught of some sort of vessel and the board was quickly removed.

Shortly thereafter Robert Baker telephoned me about the find. A few days later he brought the board to my home for inspection and I was able to corroborate its importance. Following the May 1977 meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Association, the board was lent to MIT's Hart Nautical Museum, of which I am curator, so that a tracing of the draught, printed here could be made.

Ship draughts, or plans as we know them today, did not exist in colonial America but, on the other hand, neither was there a widespread use of models in ship design and construction. There is considerable evidence that the better shipwrights produced simplified draughts of the vessels they built. The earliest reference to a draught for a North American-built vessel known to me was that sent from England in 1638 for the construction of a ship of about 100 tons on Richmond Island near what is now Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

In various lectures on colonial American vessels given during the past 20 years I have suggested that if a shipbuilder did not have a suitable sheet of paper or parchment on which to lay out the form of the vessel he was to build, he simply used a smooth board. It is perhaps worth noting that in colonial days independent naval architects, people who designed but did not build vessels, were rare. Each shipbuilder usually designed the vessels built in his yard. Considering what happened to innumerable builders' half-models in Maine and elsewhere, chopped up for firewood, it seemed extremely unlikely that such a draught on a board ever would be found. Now we have one. Scribed lines in wood are difficult to measure for the scribing too tends to be deflected by the run of the grain.

We can see that on the upper part of the board are the outlines of the keel, curved stem, and taking sternpoint of a vessel in profile along with the height of the maximum breadth of the vessel at any point in its length. The lower is termed the rising line for the floor, it governs the shape of the bottom of the vessel. These lines would normally have been arcs of large radii. In plain view on the lower part of the board are three fore-and-aft curved lines defining the breadth of the vessel. The narrowest is the breadth of floor line, the widest is the maximum breadth while the third, which crosses the maximum breadth forward, governs the shape of the upper part of the vessel. The long dash-dot line that starts above the frame six and extends forward of the stern is extraneous, serving no

## Garret Archaeology

By William A. Baker  
Reprinted from *The American Neptune*  
Vol XXXVIII – No 3 – 1978  
Submitted by Don Betts

known function.'

Several of the curved lines have been emphasized with 'ticks' in ink. This was necessary because the designer-builder had apparently scribed a few lines that he did not like and there is no way of erasing a line scribed in wood other than planing the entire board. It is apparent that, before its installation in the garret, the arrival or departure of some commodity had been tallied on the board.

Scribed across the board are a number of parallel straight lines that obviously are the locations of the frames, or bends as they were termed three centuries ago. Six are identified by 'o,' five forward by the letters A through E, and those aft by the numbers 1 through 12. In nearly all the shipbuilding manuscripts and printed books of the late 16th, the 17th, and 18th centuries, the frames or bends are spaced equally fore and aft from the midship bend. This was the widest frame in the vessel and, though for convenience usually called the midship bend (frame), it was during the 17th century and much of the 18th normally located at about one-third the length of the keel from its forward end. This location resulted in a vessel having a full bow and a fine stern in keeping with the long-held theory that a good ship should have a 'cod's head and a mackerel's tail.'

Contrary to the above, however, one English manuscript treatise notes that the bends forward might be spaced further apart than those aft. This untitled treatise is part of a miscellaneous collection that was catalogued in the Admiralty Library as *MS9; Orders and Instructions of the Duke of York, 1660*. Those best able to judge believe it to have been written after 1618 but not later than the early 1620s, hence have dated the manuscript as circa 1620.

The purpose of the six 'ticked' lines parallel to the frame lines is not readily apparent. These may be arbitrarily spaced bends on which the basic breadth and rising lines were drawn before the spacing of the frames was decided. From a study of late 18th-century material it is apparent that the two closely spaced vertical lines marked "V" just to the right of bend "i" indicate the width or "siding" of a single piece of framing. This is the midship bend. The other bends were then spaced out from these two lines. As scribed, the bend lines indicate the forward side of the timbers forward and the after side aft. On this board, incredibly, the spacing forward is greater than that aft as mentioned in the English manuscript circa 1620.

Considering the proportions of the vessel depicted and allowing for reasonable sizes of timber, I believe that the plan was drawn to the scale of 1" to the foot. In the accompanying table column A gives the basic dimensions as they now scale and column B what the designer-builder may have intended allowing for layout errors and shrinkage.

The depth is open to question, for the straight line through the height of breadth at the midship bend is not exactly parallel to the keel, rising 1" (on the assumed scale) from bow to stern. The designer may have intended 6'3".

As for other dimensions, the keel is 12" deep and the siding of the midship bend is 9". The spacing of the bends is not precise, as might be expected of something scribed on a board, it averages about 20¼" forward and 17½" aft. The fore-and-aft rising lines are not exactly arcs of circles but are close enough to indicate that they were intended to be.

Missing from the board is an outline of the midship bend. Curiously, the shipwright charged with the building of the vessel on Richmond Island in 1638 complained of the same omission on the draught sent from England. Although we would normally expect to find such an outline on a draught, there may have been a simple rule, now lost, for drawing the midship bend of a small vessel from the basic data now on the board. Given the breadth and rising lines, the choices of outline for an uncomplicated small vessel are few. It is unfortunate that most of the 16th, 17th, and 18th century material on ship design deals with large ships,

Dating the draught is not a simple matter, for the design principles depicted are of considerable antiquity which affects one's thinking. Let us consider first the physical evidence of the board. The James Maxwell house in Warren was built during the 1740s and was located near a wharf on which there was a shipyard. There is evidence of a fire in the house's garret and obviously an old board was taken from the shipyard to patch the floor. Again obviously, the draught on it was so old as to be useless for current or future construction. Actually, both sides of the board have been used for draughts but what became the upper side of the floor is now so dirty and scuffed that little can be seen.

The board now measures 23¾" wide at the bow, tapering to 24¼" at the stern. Its edges have been planed, hence it must have been wider when first cut. Every New Englander knows that in the pre-Revolutionary 18th century the possession by a colonial of any piece of pine over 24" in width was illegal, particularly after 1729 when the King's Regulations concerning the cutting of trees measuring 24" and larger in diameter were tightened.

Turning now to the draught itself, the vessel's proportions are not unusual and might have served for a small craft from 1700 to 1850 and possibly even longer in either direction. The height of breadth line may also have marked her deck line at side but it could be the line of a wale, a longitudinal strength member, for she could have been an open craft suitable for transporting bulk cargoes such as firewood, bricks, and hay. An open sloop contracted for at New London in 1713 had a keel length, breadth, and depth of 35', 15', and 6' respectively. The corresponding figures for a decked sloop built in Massachusetts in 1766 were 38', 16½', and 5¼'.

The floor rising line seems a bit old-fashioned for the 18th century. We should expect it to rise higher at the bow and, considering the five flat floors amidships, to be more curved at the ends, drawn as ellipses rather than circles as shown by examples as early as 1690. Another old-fashioned feature is the maximum breadth aft which is narrower than on known small American-built vessels launched between 1740 and 1770. It is, in fact, almost exactly the width, 10/19, of the maximum breadth recommended by the English manuscript circa 1620. The same proportion, however, was used on some English-built naval sloops in 1711.



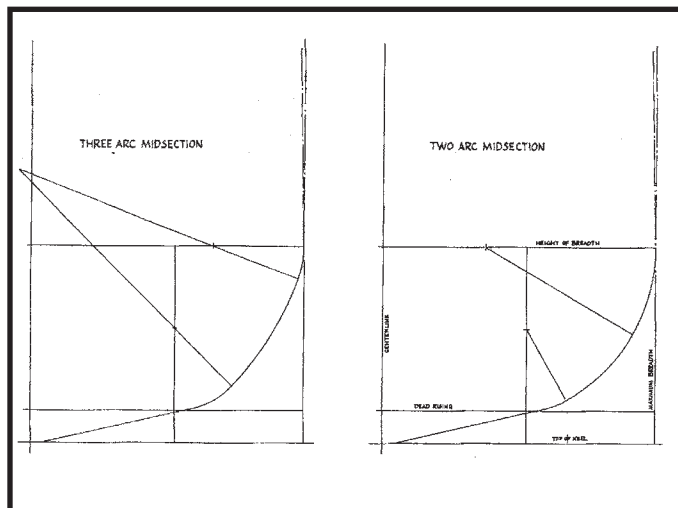
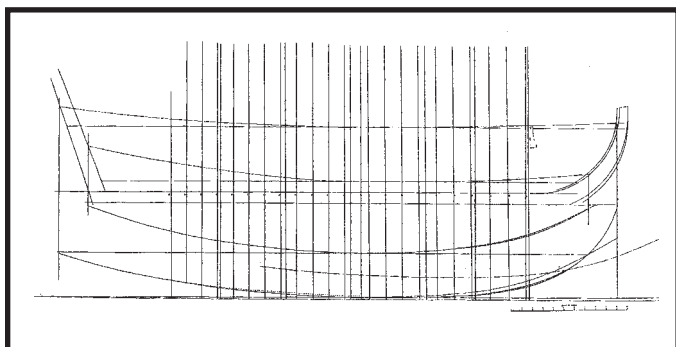
Considering the problems inherent in scribing a ship draught on a board, this one was well executed by a designer/builder who had been well trained. Based on its characteristics I will venture the opinion that it was scribed during the first half and perhaps even the first quarter of the 18th century. I believe it represents a sloop-rigged craft suitable for local trading on Narragansett Bay and perhaps even coastwise to New York via Long Island Sound.

(William Avery Baker is well-known naval architect-historian who has not only written numerous scholarly works in the field of maritime history but has had the opportunity to reconstruct the designs of numerous historic vessels, including that for the new *Mayflower* now exhibited at Plymouth, Massachusetts. He is, among other things, a member of the Editorial Advisory Board of *The American Neptune*, maritime consultant

for the National Trust for Historic Preservation, and is Curator of the Hart Nautical Museum at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Cambridge, Massachusetts.

This essay was published as a pamphlet by the Massasoit Historical Association of Warren, Rhode Island, where it came to the attention of long time reader/boat builder/teacher Don Betts recently moved to Warren from Brooklyn, New York.)

Designer's length between perpendiculars	52'9½"	53'0"
Length of keel-stern tangent to back of post	42'6¾"	42'9"
Maximum breadth to inside of planking	17'5"	17'6"
Depth from top of keel to the breadth	6'0¾"	6'1"12"



I've had *Toothpick* (named by my son Gary because of her long and narrow appearance) for about ten years or so. She was found in the classified pages of this magazine. Her restoration was put on hold when I got the backbone for *Dreamcatcher*, an oyster pirate skipjack. I not only had to complete what Bob Hicks had started in the '80s, but I had to build a shop for her before I got started.

It all took more time than I would have imagined but it is a pretty good shop. I was fortunate to have my friend and brother-in-law, Richard Powell, to help me out with it. He's the reason it is so good. He made it the right way. Left to my ways, it might not be standing now.

Anyway, I finally got *Dreamcatcher* completed and onto a trailer, and *Toothpick* finished as well. She was to be finished in early May but stuff has a tendency to happen around here when it comes to building or restoring boats. I do tend to learn a lot but mostly what not to do next time. It keeps the process in slow mode and my expecta-

## Toothpick Restored And Re-Lauched

By Greg Grundtisch

tions for a realistic completion date further off than anticipated.

On July 15 *Toothpick* was re-launched in Erie Basin Marina in downtown Buffalo, New York. I trailered her on a 4'x8' utility trailer on which I made a frame of sorts to support her for the 12-mile trip to the water. A real jack-legged rig, as Robb White would have said. It did its job and in the water she went. No muss or fuss. I bought a 551b. thrust electric motor for her so the lovely and talented Naomi wouldn't have to do all that rowing. There was originally a mast step and sails for her, too, but I have eliminated them for now, as I have other boats to sail if sailing is desired.

*Toothpick* rows quite easily and moves along much faster than I would have guessed with the little electric motor. I don't know what her actual speed is but I would guess at somewhere around 10-12 knots. After about an hour at full speed she began to slow down some. But after two hours she was still going, but at about half the speed.

After checking for leaks and getting to know how she handles, we decided to take her to the commercial slip (terminus of the Erie Canal) and check out the *Spirit of Buffalo*, the new schooner that is now in Buffalo. All went well and we had a very nice, easy ride of about three miles round trip.

We also received quite a few positive remarks about "her" looks (although I'm not sure if they were commenting on the boat or Naomi, they both look good on the water). *Toothpick* is finished and now I can get back to *Dreamcatcher's* changes and another attempt at sailing the little skipjack, this time without incident such as what occurred last fall. Happy sails!

# Native Boat Building on the Nile

From Philip Thiel NA

My daughter Kiko, while visiting in Egypt, dutifully took some photos of native boat building on the Nile near Aswan.



A boat in frame showing a flat bottom, flaring sides and hard turns at the bilges.



Detail of planking at the stem head.



Boats in frame showing the harpings, or temporary timbers, giving the form of the sheer at the bow and supporting the upper ends of the sawn frames.



Side view showing rockered keel and wavey sheer.

Planked hull showing extreme raked bow and flare.



General view of riverside repair yard.



Summer 2006: We'd been boatless for well over a year as our Topper Cruz of so many happy memories was now in Keith Muscott's fond care. We had intended to stay that way until we'd completed work at home, but reading the *Bulletin* we saw an advert for a Winkle Brig (the *Bulletin* has a lot to answer for). Not many details were available so we went on various marina websites and found lots of photos of a couple of Winkle Brigs that had recently been sold, plus details of the genre.

Some years ago we had been wandering around a marina, looking at boats and seeing lots of white fibreglass Bermudan-rigged samenesses berthed side by side, when we came across a little gem, still basically a fibreglass hull but with the style and trimmings of a traditional workboat. A "Winkle Brig" we were told. At the time it was not for us but it caught our imagination.

However, last year, having had many good years Topper Cruising, we were now perhaps ready for a small cabin as night shelter in wet weather rather than the tent of our dinghy. Also, Jayne was attracted by the greater freeboard and we both liked the tan sails and the rig, which is gaff with a gaff topsail but having a concession to modern convenience in her roller-reefing foresail. She might well boast less performance than the Cruz but would be potentially as much fun, she would be trailerable so that we could easily take off to different waters and we'd probably be able to squeeze her onto the drive at home.

So we committed ourselves and collected the boat on our return from Carrick Roads where we had mainly sailed in *Puffin* and *Jezelle* and paddled our own canoe. We named her *Jenya Tan*, *Jenya* having been our Cruz's name and *Tan* being Cumbrian for two.

We'd left bicycles and other non-sailing appendages with Colin and Helen Bell in Cheshire on our journey south to Cornwall so they invited us to bring the new boat round for checking out and, Colin suggested, initial sea trials locally. Also, we suspect, so that Colin could play with our new Winkle Brig! So we had a fun afternoon sorting out the rigging and then on Tuesday drove in convoy down to Rudyard Lake. News of our new vessel had got around and we were to be joined by Brian McClellan and Albert and Joyce Hattersley. Albert had been instrumental in the planning and building of the early Winkle Brigs and sailed one himself for some years, so he was greatly interested.

Rudyard Lake is actually a reservoir. Built originally as a feeder for the local canal system, it is about two miles long by half a mile wide and was, for some years, the venue of the first DCA Northern Area Meet each year. It boasts a sailing base with a cafe selling excellent bacon butties and a good, if rather steep, slip with public access for non-powered boats, though our outboard was not refused, probably as we pleaded that inaugural testing was needed.

Albert and Joyce awaited our arrival, their son and family live nearby, but unfortunately Brian couldn't make it as his motorbike had broken down. Nevertheless, five of us were plenty, especially as it was not certain which were captains and which were crew! The slip being steep, we used a long rope on Colin's car to control *Jenya Tan*'s launch, but with the Roller Coaster trailer both launch and recovery proved to be easy. Jayne produced a bottle of bubbly for the launching ceremony and Joyce did the honours with a short speech.

## With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

### The Launching of *Jenya Tan*

By Colin Firth

Reprinted from the *Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin* #195

First Impressions of the Winkle Brig  
By a New Owner



At the DCA Ullswater Rally in 2006.—Photo Percy Jackson

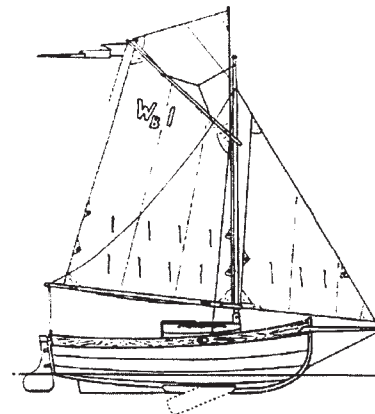
After a few experimental reaches, tacks, and gybes to get the feel of the helm we settled into a gentle beat, thankfully with long and short tacks, and made the northern end of the lake where we anchored awhile for a basic lunch.

She felt quite different from our dinghy, nowhere near as lively, of course, and not pointing so high, but responsive off the wind and fine close-hauled as long as I avoided my dinghy tendency to pinch a little. Twin lifting centreplates give ample ballast and also do not intrude into the cabin, which is surprisingly roomy, partly due to the 6'8" beam. We were impressed that so much could go into a hull only 16' LOA (excluding bowsprit). Accommodation is optimistically four-berth and with a good cockpit tent this is feasible. For two there is ample space, the quarter berths giving good storage. With our crew of five we had to have one or two folk forward of the cockpit to correct the trim, otherwise water covered the floor of the self-draining cockpit.

The wind died and we returned to the jetty under engine, rowing is not an option (yet!) though there is a large sculling oar once we have mastered it. The Winkle Brig winched out very easily despite the steepness of the jetty. We later found that we have to be careful not to attempt too steep a slip as the

bracket of the pulleys on the trailer's pivoting cradle can scratch the gelcoat if tilted too steeply. Modifying the brackets is something else for manana.

In May 2007 *Jenya Tan* was undercover in a friend's workshop where we spent a week stripping all the wood (a surprising amount for a boat with a fibreglass hull) and coating with Deks Olje 1. The next week we were off to his workshops again to apply six coats of Deks Olje 2 (one coat a day) which gave a varnish-like finish but is still OIL and very easy to maintain. Allegedly. We still hadn't worked out how to rig the topsail as I was not allowing myself to play with it till the basic refurbishing was done.



### The Winkle Brig Specifications

**Designer:** Eric Bergqvist

**Builders:** Ferry Boatyard, Cheshire, UK

**LOD:** 16'

**LOA:** 20'

**LWL:** 15'

**Beam:** 6'8"

**Draught:** 1'2"/2'6"

(twin retractable bilge boards)

**Displacement:** 650kg

**Sail Area:**

Main 104sf – Jib 42sf – Topsail 26sf

**Website:**

<http://jegsweb.couk/boats/winklebrig/winklebrig1.htm>

**Relevant Literature:**

*ABC of Boat Bits: An Introduction to Sailing in a Winkle Brig*

By James Dodds

Jardine Press (see Amazon Books UK)

### For More Information About the DCA

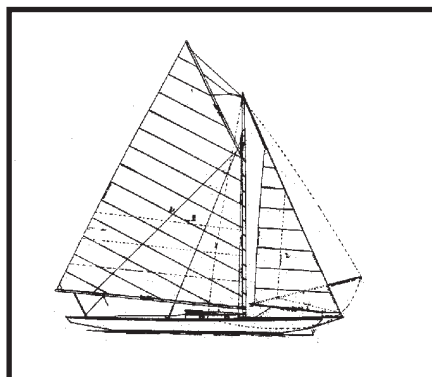
Membership Secretary: Tony Nield  
40 Grange Ave, Cheadle Hulme,  
Cheadle, Cheshire UK SK85JP  
United Kingdom  
[www.dca.uk.com](http://www.dca.uk.com)



One of the most popular of the racing classes in Massachusetts waters has been the 18' knockabout class. During the past two or three seasons many boats have been built for the class and the entry list in the racing events has always been large enough to make a good sport. The class was first started by the Duxbury Yacht Club in 1899 with the building of a fleet of one-design boats from Crowninshield design, and these boats were so successful in local waters that an association was formed with restrictions to keep the boats within reasonable limits. An association was also formed at Hull to promote racing in the class and the boats were ultimately adopted as one of the classes in the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association.

The restrictions allow the building of either keel or centerboard boats, but require that a centerboard shall draw at least 2'6" for a length of 4' of keel. The water line length is restricted to 18', the beam at the load water line in keel boats must be at least 6'1" and in centerboard boats at least 6'6", the sail area is restricted to 450sf and not over 360sf is allowed in the mainsail. The boats are sailed by a crew of three men and it is required that the helmsman shall be an amateur and a member of some yacht club. The weight of ballast is fixed by the rule that the boat in racing trim must weigh at least 4,000lbs. The construction is covered by scantling restrictions which require the boats to be quite substantially built and the result has been a very successful class.

## Designs from THE RIGGER 1903



### 18' Knockabout

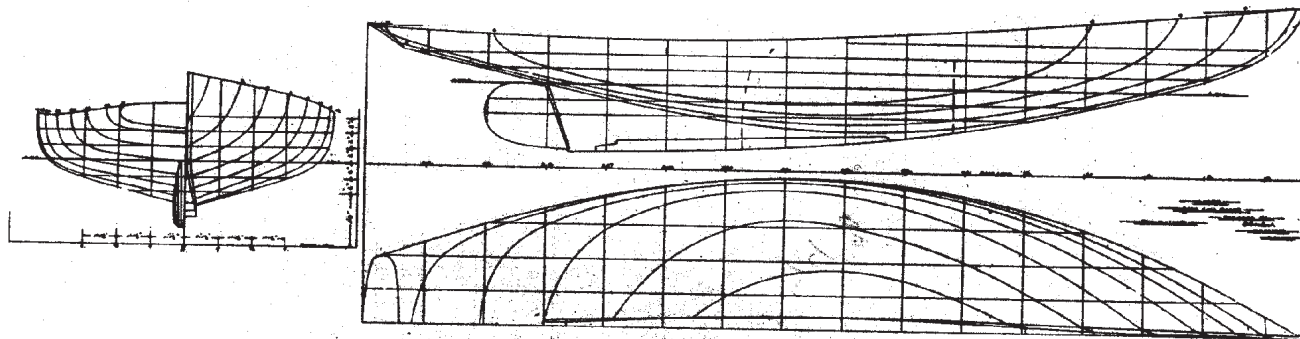
Nearly all of the existing boats in the class are fitted with cabin trunks, which give shelter in bad weather, and a cuddy, where the crew can turn in for a night or two when off on a racing circuit. With the watertight cockpit the boats are non-capsizable and un-

sinkable and with their handy rigs make ideal little racing boats as they are very lively and fast under all conditions. The cost of building these boats ranges from about \$750 up to about \$1,200, depending upon the builder and the grade of work.

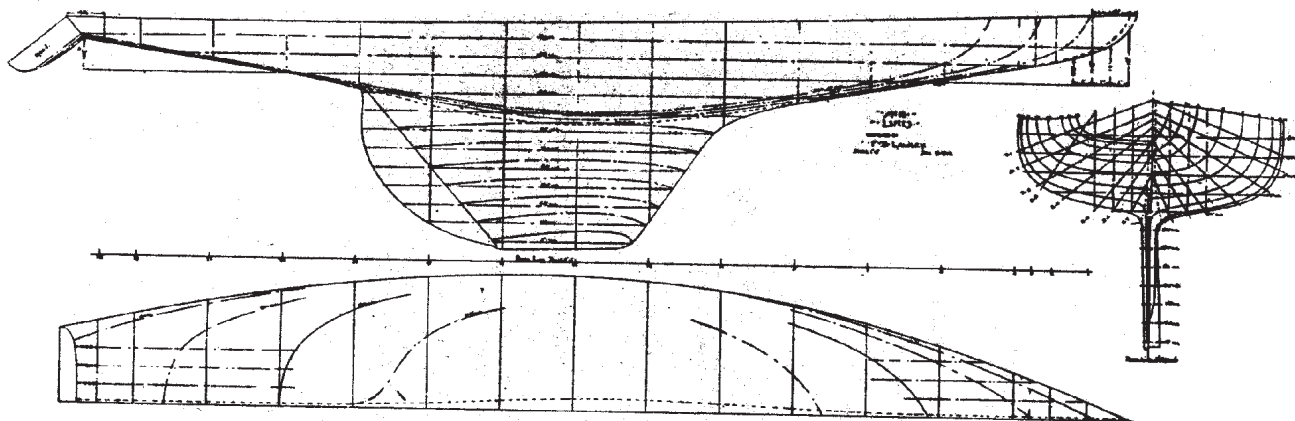
The design herewith is for a new boat of Mr Fred. D. Lawley's design, which is now being built for next season's racing, and she may be taken as a fairly representative boat of the keel type prevailing in the class. As the lines show, the boat borders on the scow form with full sections forward and aft to give her a long sailing line when heeled. The rudder is hung on the stern post in the good old-fashioned way and it is noticeable that in many of the new boats the designers are giving up the practice of using the balanced rudder and of hanging it on a small skeg some distance aft of the fin or keel proper.

Her dimensions, etc., are as follows:

Length overall	29'3"
Length waterline	17'9"
Overhang forward	5'6"
Overhang aft	6'0"
Beam extreme	7'3"
Beam at lwl	6'9"
Draught extreme	4'8"
Draught to rabbet	1'4"
Freeboard bow	1'11"
Freeboard stern	1'6"
Freeboard least	1'5"
Area mainsail	360sf
Area jib	90sf
Total sail area	450sf



Lines of Twenty-Foot Waterline Sloop, Designed by Robert B. Snook





# Soft Tie-Downs for Car Topping

By Robert A. Musch

One challenge we all face when car topping small boats is finding secure places to tie lines to the front of a car. I'll admit that I have drilled holes in the bumper of an old beat up pickup truck and mounted eye bolts. However, this less than elegant solution is not suitable for a modern sedan.

A simple answer is soft tie downs. Open the hood of a car and in the front corner find a bolt with a large fender washer holding the fender to the radiator bracket. Remove the bolt and washer. Take a 12" length of 1" wide nylon strap and fold in half. This is the same nylon strap attached to those ratchet tie downs that you always cut your fingers on. Melt a hole through both ends with a soldering iron to prevent fraying. Insert the bolt and tighten down the washer back in the car. When not transporting a boat the nylon straps fold inside the engine compartment and cannot even be seen. To use the soft tie downs open the hood and flick the straps outside. One on each side of the hood provides a secure place to tie a bow line of a canoe or small boat.



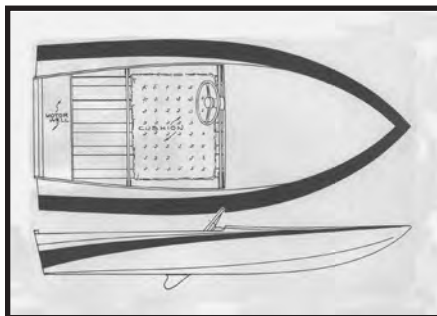
**GLEN**

Top  
Ten  
Designs

## #4 TNT

An 11' Runabout

Build in Plywood



### Characteristics

Length overall 11'0"  
Beam 5'0"  
Hull depth 16"  
Hull weight (approx) 125lbs  
Average passengers 1-2  
Hull type: Vee bottom with flaring sides to act as anti-trip chines, developed for sheet plywood planking  
Power: Outboard motor to 15hp  
Trailer: Designed for use with Glen-L Series 650 boat trailer plans

### Description

TNT is a well-known explosive. It's often said that dynamite comes in small packages. This defines our TNT, Tiny 'N' Terrific. The styling of this sleek little runabout is based on the larger ski-type inboard boats so

popular for high-speed use. Our TNT is an explosive bundle that'll "blast off" the local hot rodders with a lot more power in their rigs than will be required in the TNT.

Two other outstanding features about the TNT, it's simple and it's easy to build. Our plans or, even more, our Frame Kit, really make the job easy with step-by-step instructions covering all aspects of construction. You can plank the entire boat, including side decks, with just two sheets of 1/4"x4'x8' plywood. Any way you slice it, careful design has hacked costs down by judicious use of materials.

### Plans and Patterns

Complete plans include full size patterns for the stem, breasthook, transom knee, and half-section patterns for the transom and frames. Includes step-by-step Instructions, Bill of Materials, and Fastening Schedule.

### Frame Kit

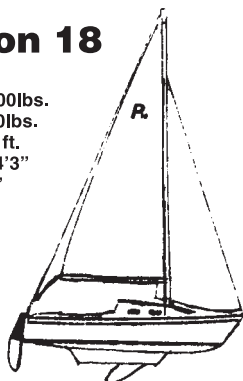
- Each frame fully assembled
- Transom fully framed
- Motorboard
- Deck beam
- Breasthook
- Stem
- Transom knee
- Complete Plans with Instructions, Bill of Materials, and Fastening Schedule



## Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.  
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.  
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.  
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"  
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"  
LOA 17'5"  
LWL 15'5"  
Beam 7'5"

15' C.B.  
16- B.K.  
18' - 21' - 23'



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Somewhere I read that more boats are sunk because of bad plumbing than for any other reason. This makes good sense when one considers all of the through hull fittings that are in modern boats. Fittings fail and hoses rupture and boats sink.

When I was in the Coast Guard I remember an incident where we were in the Atlantic near Cape May when we received a "MAY DAY" call from an oyster dredger that was sinking a few miles off in the Delaware Bay. We could hear real panic coming in over the radio.

Our skipper asked the caller what type of rig he had. When he learned that it was a hydraulic dredge he suggested that they shut down the pump. A few minutes later a call came back, "Thank you, Captain, we have things under control." The sinking boat was pumping itself full of water because a hose had broken between the dredge unit and its pump. Our skipper knew a little about the fishing fleet and made a good guess. Another rescue made from 40 miles away.

I was involved with another sinking when I was stationed in Cincinnati. We got a call from our office to see if we could help a guy with a sunk boat on the Kentucky shore. We went out in our 30-footer and ran along the Kentucky side until we saw a man standing on a dock waving madly at us. We landed on this dock and saw no boat, just lines disappearing into the water and a panicky owner. There was an engine sitting on the dock. That should have given us a clue as to the trouble. The owner had pulled the engine from his Chris Craft runabout, set it on the dock, then he went to lunch. He hadn't plugged the water fittings when he pulled the engine. There was a boat on the ends of the lines that disappeared into the water.

I think that I spent half of that summer in the Ohio River. I remember on that day our whole crew was in the water dragging that boat up over a couple of ledges and

## Bad Plumbing

By Mississippi Bob

high enough to get the gunnels above the water. We had a large pump built into our boat so we lowered a hose into his hull and started pumping. Within a few minutes the water level began to lower inside his boat. After about ten minutes we realized that water was still coming in so I got onboard and found the leak. I used a rag and stuffed it into the end of the hose that fed water to the engine. Then we pumped the boat dry. Then we found a valve at the through hull fitting that had been left open. Folks who own boats don't all own good common sense.

One evening years later I was working at the lock at Hastings, Minnesota. I locked one of the local harbor boats downriver. He was pushing a couple loads of coal. Coal in a barge tends to start burning. Spontaneous combustion they call it. This was a common event. When the smoke got too thick the crew would drag out a hose and wet down the load to cool down the fire. That was happening that evening. When the boat was leaving my lock the crew was bringing out some hose.

A couple hours later the boat was back without the tow. He had parked the barges at a fleeting area near Prescott, Wisconsin, and was headed back to St Paul. About ten minutes after he left the lock and disappeared into the dark the radio started squawking. We had a Mayday on our hands. I thought back 40 years when our skipper saved the oyster boat and made a wild guess. I asked the skipper what they had done with the smoking barges. I knew that they had the hoses out when they went downriver. The skipper said that they had wet down the coal and put the hoses away. I asked, "Did they shut off the fire pump?"

A few minutes later the skipper came back on the air and said that the emergency was over. The crew had shut the valves for the fire hydrants but left the pump on. The pump had caused a rupture in the line that was pumping his engine room full of water.

I nearly sank a 48' sailboat at the dock one day myself, but with a little luck I was able to fix a bad situation. I went to Bayfield, Wisconsin, for a weekend kayak event. I could have camped out like most of the folks there but I knew of a boat that I could spend the weekend on. I got the permission of its owner and set up a temporary residence.

On the last day of the outing the kayakers were all headed back to Minneapolis. I went back to the boat and packed my stuff and got ready to leave. I decided to have dinner at one of the local restaurants before heading home. On the way out I used the head and pumped it clean, then left for dinner. Fortunately I had left my gear on the boat and I had to go back to get it. When I returned after my meal I found the cabin sole awash in lake water. Had I not returned the boat would probably have sunk at the dock. The top of the head was below the water level outside of the boat. Water was flowing out of the bowl into the bilge and had already reached the level of the cabin sole.

I know I was not supposed to pump bilges in port but I was desperate at that moment. I knew that Charlie kept his bilges spotless so without a second thought I began pumping. I shut off the valve that supplied water to the head and in about ten minutes the emergency was over. The next day I got hold of the owner and told him about the experience and he was rather blasé about it, saying, "Oh, yeah, that has happened before."

"Charlie, why don't you close all the valves when you park the boat for weeks at a time?" I asked.

"I got the boat insured," was his reply.

I spent one summer while in the Coast Guard at the base in Galveston, Texas. This was to be the worst duty that I had in the four years that I was in the Guard. The problem there was that we were always on guard duty, it seemed.

I was the low ranking guy on a 40-footer crew and we were in the middle of the Cold War. Remember back in the '50s there was a "Red under every bed?"

Our normal duty station was tied to a buoy near the East Jetty guarding the entrance to the bay. We would get the names off all the ships entering the harbor and check that they were cleared to come in. If they were not cleared we would follow them until they got clearance.

We made a few rescue missions that summer, that was the gravy. Mostly we would spend two shifts a day totaling 12 hours watching the harbor entrance.

One night we got put on surveillance of a "Hot Ship." Any ship that had been into a communist port within the previous six months was to be watched. Our ship that night was docked way down toward the west end of town.

When the manpower was available we would have two guys on the dock and a boat

## The Stowaway

By Mississippi Bob

patrolling the waterside of that ship.

One of the guys on the dock watch got on the pay phone and a few minutes later a cab showed up on the dock and a bunch of young ladies got out and came over to join us. Someone ran back uptown and got some after hours beer and we set out to make the best of a long night. None of us really expected some "Red" to smuggle a bomb ashore that night.

About 3:00 in the morning we got a call from the base that we should leave that dock watch and follow a different hot ship up toward Houston. We hurriedly got all the non-crew folks off the boat and got underway.

We rendezvoused with our charge and started following it up the ship channel. I went below into the cabin and found one tall thin Texas gal climbing out of our rope locker. Never did figure out how she fit into that close space but she was along for the ride.

Not much we could do about it then, she was on board for the rest of the trip.

Near Houston we turned our charge over to a boat out of the Houston base and headed home. Our watch would be over before we got back to the our base and it was full daylight by the time we neared Galveston. What to do with this stowaway?

Our normal shift ended with us going to the local fuel dock and filling the tanks. We had to pass right past the base to do this. The base had a tower over the boat house where the OD had a good view of the harbor. This dizzy gal with us would probably wave at him as we went by. We thought about throwing her overboard and decided against that.

We decided that she had to go before we reached the base so we landed at the ferry dock across the bay. Together we came up with the fare so she could get back to Galveston on the ferry. Goodbye lady, hope we never meet again.

This was nearing the end of my stay at Galveston as I had requested a transfer "anywhere." A few weeks later I was on my way to Alaska and some real good duty. Never did see our stowaway again.

One of the interesting byways of model yachting is where model and full-size overlap, with vessels that are in the scale of full-size square-rigged ships but are large enough to carry one or more persons as crew.

Perhaps the most celebrated of the these was the *Federalist*, constructed by Captain Joshua Barney of Baltimore to celebrate the ratification of the United States Constitution in 1788. Here is how the little ship, and the event, was described by John Thomas Scharf in his *Chronicles of Baltimore* (1874):

"He had a small boat 15' in length, completely rigged and perfect equipped as a ship, which was called the *Federalist*, which being mounted upon four wheels and drawn by the same number of horses, took its place in the procession; he commanded the ship, and was honored with a crew of captains, who at his word and the boatswain's pipe went through all the various manoeuvres of making and taking in sail, to the great delight of the crowded windows, doors, and balconies by which they passed. The ship was immediately followed by all the captains, mates and seamen at that time in the port of Baltimore. It was paraded through all the principal streets of Fell's Point, and the other portions of the city, and finally anchored on the beautiful and lofty bank southwest of the Basin, which from that occurrence received, and has ever since borne the name of "Federal Hill." On this spot a dinner had been provided, at which four thousand persons sat down together, and made the welkin ring with shouts of 'huzza for the constitution!'

"This idea of carrying a full-rigged ship in procession, originated entirely with Captain Barney. The evening was ushered in by a bonfire on Federal Hill, and fireworks. After the pageant was over, it was resolved to present the ship to General Washington in the name of the merchants and shipmasters of Baltimore. It was launched and navigated by Commodore Barney down the Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the Potomac, and thence up the river to Mount Vernon.

"On the 8th of June George Washington sent a letter of thanks to those merchants and shipmasters:

The replica *Federalist* under sail.—Alan C. Rawl photo



## Big Little Ship or Little Big Ship?

By Earl Boebert  
Reprinted from *The Model Yacht*,  
Newsletter of the  
US Vintage Model Yacht Group

"Gentlemen; Captain Barney has just arrived here in the miniature ship, called the *Federalist*, and has done me the honor to offer that beautiful curiosity as a present to me on your part. I pray you, gentlemen, to accept the warmest expressions of my sensibility for this specimen of American ingenuity, in which the exactitude of the proportions, the neatness of the workmanship, and the elegance of the decorations, which make your present fit to be preserved in a cabinet of curiosities, at the same time that they exhibit the skill and taste of the artists, demonstrate that Americans are not inferior to any people whatever in the use of mechanical instruments, and the art of shipbuilding."

On July 23, 1788 she was destroyed in the storm known as "George Washington's Hurricane," which passed over Mount Vernon. Two hundred years later a replica was built by Alan C. Rawl as part of the Bicentennial Celebration and can now be seen in the Maryland State Capitol in Annapolis.

Back in the 1860s a couple of small ships attempted to cross the Atlantic. The first try was a 16' barquentine called *Vision*, which was lost at sea.

A more successful, if trying, trip, was made by the miniature ship *Red, White and Blue* in 1866. Here is how W.P. Stephens describes the 73-day voyage in his classic *Traditions and Memories of American Yachting*:

"This vessel was an Ingersoll lifeboat of galvanized iron 26' overall, 6'1" breadth,

2'8" depth of hold, 2.38 tons. The crew included E. Fitch, with a dog, Fanny. The voyage was marked by continual bad weather, the decks leaked and spoiled the stores, the chronometer (a common watch) stopped from rust; three times she was thrown on her beam ends; and, as a final tragedy, poor Fanny died as they were nearing Gravesend for a triumphal entry."

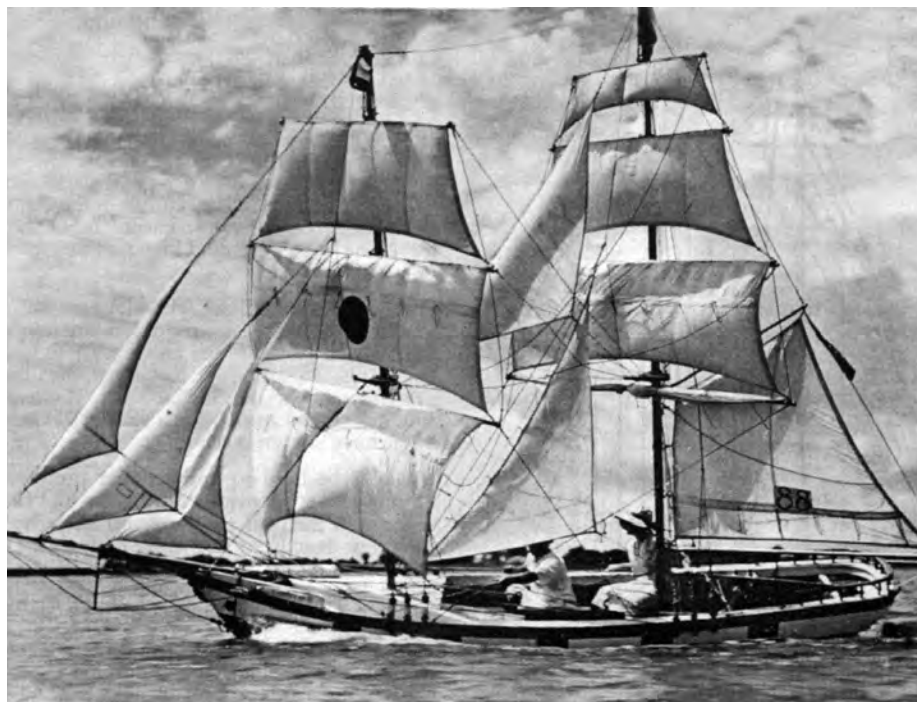
An even more elaborate replica was the *Isobel III*, which sailed in the Solomons Island area of Maryland in the late 1930s. She was built and sailed by Carl M.J. von Zielinski. There was even a race for such boats, the Ann McKim Trophy, offered by the Miles River Yacht Club. Member Alan Suydam contacted the club but unfortunately no one remembered the ship, the trophy, or the event.

Our final subject is the 1940 *Howard Allyn*, which was built to the lines of the *Flying Cloud* by Elisha Penniman, a night reporter in Springfield, Massachusetts, who had his mornings free. She was 19' feet long and carried 1400lbs of internal ballast.



The *Howard Allyn*, sailing in Hyannis, Massachusetts, harbor in the summer of 1940.

The *Isobel III* under sail. She was 18' long and carried 254sf of sail. The black disc on her fore-topsail is the symbol of the Black Ball Line, famed for its clippers.





It's the end of January 2009, snow waist deep with a forecast of 12-18" by noon tomorrow. In mid-coast Maine we have experienced below zero temperatures consistently for the month of January. For 30 winters I have fed three wood stoves in my 200-plus-year-old farmhouse to keep it at a toasty 70 degrees. On occasion the furnace will kick in, making its contribution to what my sweetie and I refer to as the "perfect quartet." When they refer to a carbon "footprint," the only thing that comes to mind for us is "Sasquatch!" A long time ago I remember Tennessee Ernie Ford making the comment, "I was 16 before I realized that my real name wasn't Git Wood." I can relate.

Winter didn't sneak up on me this year as it has in the past. I was able to hang up my old K-Mart Rebel canoe (given to me by my father-in-law 30 years ago) under the woodshed eaves where it lives during the dormant season, pull the Penn Yan 19 into our old hardware store up the road, and get the extra outside wood piles tarped.

As I look at all of my old boats and farming equipment that I have been using for the last 35 years (all of it used when I inherited/bought it) I can't help but wonder who in the hell in their right mind would want this old crap when, mentally, I no longer know who I am?

This is the first fall that I have drained all the fuel out of my summer "stuff," including boat motors, the reason being when I started the wood splitter in late summer it was peeing gas all over the place. I had just replaced the splitter motor two years ago but the fuel line on the new motor had rotted away and looked as if it were 20 years old. The same thing happened to my "old school" four-cylinder Wisconsin generator.

A good friend owns an auto parts store (next to our old hardware store) and he recently got in a couple of new products that are supposed to negate the effects of the ethanol in the new fuel formulation. Of course, they are not cheap but are supposed to work. There is no end to my amazement on how we as a society continue to complicate things in the name of progress! I wonder why we are using ethanol at all if it is causing all these problems in fuel lines and tanks in the marine industry and elsewhere. From what information that has been available to me this ethanol stuff is a wash as far as off-setting imports or providing any type of financial savings.

I also read in the news yesterday that the Department of Agriculture is petitioning Congress to bail out the ethanol producers so none of them will go under. Hell, I'd volunteer to stand on their little industrial heads if I thought it would make a difference. We have lost our way, haven't we?

Monthly I receive on average six marine publications and several non-marine related periodicals that are all free (I'm sure that our Editor receives many more). I have a sense of obligation to read all of these as well as multiple paid subscriptions between loading the fires and bringing more wood into the house. The main thrust among most of the marine magazines is, of course, the economy and how to weather the downturn. The down economy is something that all of us over 60 have experienced before. The problem is that those of us who are self-employed and employ others always seem to understand the emergency a bit clearer than those who draw a paycheck every week or two.

## Rambling Winter Thoughts From Maine

By Ted Andrei

Not having a paycheck when you get laid off is a difficult thing, I understand, but when you have employees you make sure the help gets theirs before you get yours. At least that's how it has always worked around here. There have been times over the years when we didn't know when the next container of peanut butter was coming into the house. The help got paid first, then the vendors, then us.

Some of the slick publications just bully through as though nothing has changed at all, disclosing that now is the time to buy that \$20,000,000 Colorado ranchette or that \$3,000,000 used boat (yacht) you've had your eye on. For me, personally, if I were to drag one more "good deal" home I may as well plan on sleeping in it. The bottom line is, my life is like the slick publications, nothing has changed at all.

Industry publications have shifted from monthly advice on machinery lubrication and how to deal with that surprise OSHA visit to who to let go, and now is the time to shut some lines down and do that renovation that should have happened five years ago. Very interesting!

While I'm on the subject of publications, let me toss out the titles of three books for winter reading: *Cork Boat*, by John Pollack; *Houseboat on the Seine*, by William Wharton; and *Shanty Boat, A River Way of Life*, by Harlan Hubbard. We all have different tastes in literature, for my dollar the Harlan Hubbard was particularly good for me during a trying period in my life.

Even with the winter weather raging outside and possibly, like many of you, my creative spring juices boiling up, I feel like a 40-year-old. The blue jays are doing their little spring tune and I heard a pileated wood pecker doing the same yesterday. The crows and eagles are starting their nests while the grey squirrels are chasing each other with resolute sexual intent. Around here those are all sure spring signs.

Those are not the only true signs of spring, though. I have been eyeballing my Penn Yan and considering making a radical change in the repowering department. The present power plant (?) is a four-cylinder Mexican stern drive. At least that's what is stamped all over it. Anyway, this thing is quite unreliable, wheezes and farts, underpowered, old, and, worst of all, runs on gas! I just pulled the entire unit out, engine, controls, stern drive, rotted bellows, and bilge stuff that I thought best to touch only while wearing rubber gloves... the whole enchilada. It was quite a mess, embarrassing actually. It's only a fishing boat but it would be nice to take my sweetie on an occasional cruise if it were more reliable.

Several years back I scored a Jacobsen golf course mower that possesses an amazing number of hydraulic motors and pumps, all run by the sweetest running little four-cylinder Rabbit Diesel. Bolting that Rabbit engine onto the stringers and hooking up the exhaust and cooling is fairly straightforward. Steering will be a simple matter, all depending on the type of drive I select. Now junking

that stern drive, which I have always hated (all those clamps and that rubber stuff), will put a smile on my face. I'll take my chances with a few drips a minute out of a stuffing box any day over a gaping hole in my stern whose integrity is dependent upon rubber boots and clamps! Check the insurance statistics on the percentage of sinkings at moorings due to faulty stern drives. Scary!

Since this mower has a total of eight reel and drive motors and three separate pumps, I lack no possible combinations for power, versatility, or spares. I'm looking at hydraulic thrust, steering, anchor retrieval, pot hauling, stern winch, and captain's chair with hydraulic cup holder. Sweet! I understand that getting up on a plane will (probably) be impossible but I'm looking at a conservative, safe, dependable, fuel efficient cruiser that will make headway/steerage against a tide.

The prop(s) I am considering are off an old Novi lobster boat. We are talking low rpm with very little slippage (read thrust), and since I already own them the price is right. I'm pretty much past the days that I need to have a rooster tail everywhere I go. When someone does drive like that it just knocks the ice right out of your glass!

Yes, yes, I know some of you are skeptical but I have taken the power train selection class and I have read all of the Dave Gerr books that view guys like me with a jaundiced eye. This is just one of those times that it just all feels right! Pretty much like those squirrels, only different. My marine involvement has always been part-time but foremost in my heart. Although I have never made a living totally from boats, some portion of my livelihood has always come directly or indirectly from the marine industry.

Since I have become older I am earning more within this industry than when I was a young man and knew everything. I'm not too sure how that really works since I honestly feel that my production is not what it used to be. I wouldn't go so far as to say I am useless, it's just that I hate the cold, I hate starting too early, I really hate working late, I hurt just about everywhere, I can't see (why is it always so dark in here?), I can barely grip a hammer (the boys won't stand in front of me in the shop while I have a hammer in my possession), I hear only about every fifth word that is spoken to me, and manage to misinterpret a big chunk of them.

Other than all this, I'm a fun guy to work with. I have a lot of knowledge and what I think are good ideas may very well be, but for me cocktail hour starts at 3pm these days and I understand that's still frowned upon! Truly disheartening! I think it's pretty obvious why I have always been self-employed.

My boating and related experience has been in the shadow of my "old timers" books and the people they represent, such as my all time favorite *Steamboats and Modern Steam Launches, 1961-1963*. They are my heroes, they knew boats and were not afraid to try new stuff. The Coast Guard was well aware that these guys knew their stuff and there was no such thing as the ABYC to sniff and look down their collective noses at them. As the saying went in 1962 when I was in the Navy (Seabees), "We are the last of the fighting naval forces where all is made up of ships of wood and men of iron, now reduced to our present lot of rubber boats and reserves." Amen!

It's getting dark so out to the barn I go to get more wood and feed those fires!

Years ago a customer told me I wasn't very good at marketing. The trick, he said, was to have "product" at conveniently spaced price intervals so someone focused on one particular boat could be tempted by something a little more deluxe at a little higher price. "Like Mercedes," he said, "I always end up buying a more expensive model than the one I thought I wanted."

His problem at the boatyard (or in his mind, more specifically my problem) was that we had boats at the \$25,000 level and then jumped abruptly to \$80,000 for a fully restored 1937 Chris 25' Custom. He already had a \$25,000 boat and had no intention of spending \$80,000. He was disappointed that we were so inept at marketing that we didn't have all the bases covered. I tried to explain that we were lucky to have what we had. Good boats were hard to get and we had no ready source for a \$45,000 boat.

In retrospect I realized that he probably was giving me good business advice, but due to the nature of this business (at least as I knew it) there wasn't ever going to be too much overlap between the world of good marketing and the antique boat hobby. In today's market good boats at reasonable prices are few and far between. Opportunities seem to have a way of coming along at the worst possible time, but in many cases it's a now or never situation. The problem in selling boats to newcomers to the hobby is that they simply can't usually grasp the special nature of some boats and some opportunities. When someone like myself tries to get this idea across it is usually quickly dismissed as just more sales talk.

In our advertising dominated culture where everything is "the chance of a lifetime," it is often hard to distinguish the truly special from the ordinary. I remember many of the good things that I've not purchased over the years and realize that there has to be a learning process. One's attitude can either accelerate or retard this process.

People who have experience in other areas of purchasing and collecting may learn quickly that some boats are truly exceptional and if a chance to buy one exists, a prompt decision is often advisable. Others view everything as a commodity, worth a given price and not a penny more. If one boat can't be bought at their price, then certainly there will be others. Like the street car, another will come along. These people inevitably end up comparing apples and oranges and often never even understand what they've missed. Ignorance is bliss, they say.

I remember back to the days in the late '80s when boats were looked at as possible investments and people wondered which particular models were going to gain the most in value. I misplaced my crystal ball at just about that time and have never regretted advising people to buy what they like and more importantly, use and enjoy what they buy.

Individuals who are real boat lovers have a head start in learning to recognize the special and unique. Learning about different years and models and manufacturers is always helpful, but it is no substitute for having a sharp eye and a soft spot in the bean for beautiful boats. "Soft" is a word that we in the restoration business don't often like to use, but the person who puts hard business logic ahead of his or her feelings and gut reactions often ends up with second best, or less.

Far too many people see their search for an antique boat as just a quaint version of

## Is She a Rare Antique or Just Another Commodity?

By Boyd Mefferd

picking between a Mercedes and a Lexus. I have nothing against some shopping around, but unlike the Mercedes or Lexus dealer I don't have the luxury of ordering a new shipment every time my stock runs low. What I have on a given day is what I have.

The person who views the boat as a commodity simply can't grasp the idea that each boat, with the age and care and possible restoration that she's seen, is a separate case. Lots of people say that they're checking out the market and plan to buy a boat "next year." One man told me that he planned to devote the next five years to his "search," like he was climbing around in the Himalayas searching for truth. He didn't understand that today's "truth" probably wouldn't be that relevant in five years.

I think sometimes that people have such a conceit that they think everything will be frozen in time just waiting for them to make their mind up and that they are the only person who could possibly be interested. Yesterday I spoke again with someone who called me on a regular basis to discuss his favorite boat in my yard. He didn't even ask if she was still available and for some perverse reason I didn't tell him that the boat had been sold to someone else. When he eventually finds out maybe he'll be upset with himself or maybe he never was really serious after all and this will just provide him with a polite out. When a boat is sold we always try to get her out of sight as quickly as possible. People inevitably focus on something we just sold and say that they would have bought that. We're supposed to take them seriously even though there's no danger of commitment on their part.

Once the boat is viewed as just another commodity people are free to try to use all their business and bargaining skills in an effort to get it at a lower price. I guess they have to decide which they are, first and foremost a business person or a boat person. Much has been said and written about mixing business with pleasure. A few of us try to do it, and for me it's usually the business end that suffers. If I'm buying a boat and the seller wants more than I planned to pay, I generally go the extra distance if the boat is one I really ad-

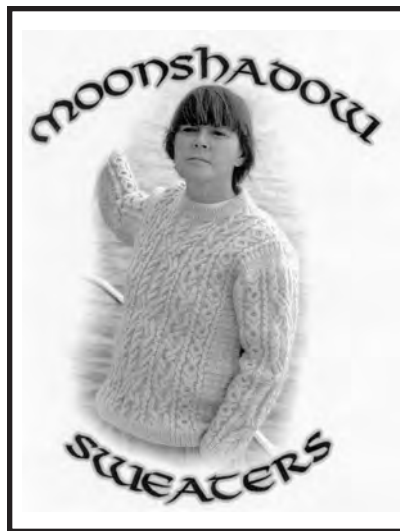
mire. True, I'm probably just going to turn her over for hopefully some profit, but if the boat is speaking to me I'm probably not going to walk away. If I do walk away it means I don't care, and if I don't care what am I doing there in the first place? For me, buying something I don't have feeling for just because it's cheap is usually the first step in disaster.

If good hard business is the first priority, then the prospective purchaser almost has to walk away as the first step in getting the price down. Looking or being "easy" is not part of the plan and certainly impulse buying is out. This is all disguised under the blanket term "thinking about it" but, in fact, I doubt that too much thinking goes on. It's more like just pure waiting, the old cat and mouse game.

One of the most bizarre advocates for shopping around is a radio talk show host who has financial advice for would-be real estate buyers. He insists that a buyer must look at a minimum of one hundred properties before ever making an offer on one. Probably his father told him he should date at least a hundred women before he ever popped the question. It makes just as much sense. I realize that he isn't extending this advice to boat shopping, probably he doesn't care about boat shopping, but in a market where some boats cost almost as much as a house, maybe the difference isn't that great.

I've always bought what spoke to me, what impressed me, whether it was the first or the ninety-ninth, it didn't matter. I guess in the mind of the talk show host I would qualify as an impulse buyer. I truly can't comprehend the process of evaluating all the strong and weak points of a hundred properties and picking that one close to perfect candidate. I also can't believe that after all that time spent looking, the first choice property would still be on the market.

It's dangerous to classify people and as a young man I was taught to never, never, never judge a book by its cover. After 28 years selling boats, however, I do find that regardless of how rich they are, some people are comfortable with buying things and aren't afraid of making an occasional mistake and others, like the talk show host, are so cautious that their best opportunities get away from them. Once the boat is seen as simply a commodity, then the idea of a unique opportunity isn't applicable. People who start thinking that boats are more like fine antique furniture than their Mercedes or Lexus are on the right track toward a fulfilling boat experience.




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On June 3, 2000, my wife and I went out to be race committee for the last PHRF race of the yacht club's Spring Series. Little did we know it would be our last trip on *Hirado* as race committee until May 9, 2009. Later that summer we contended with a series of medical and boat problems that kept us off the water for several years. Finally we ended up with water in the fuel and assorted diesel engine problems. Also along the way I had rotator cuff surgery which slowed things down for quite a while.

With one thing and another it was October 2008 before we had the boat running properly again. Of course, there is always something with a boat and the "something" was a leaking hydraulic steering piston. And working on the boat only on good weekends slows progress down a bit. But all was fixed and everything operated! Thus we were able to go out and be race committee on our own boat again!

Of course, not taking the boat out and anchoring it for race committee work (start line square to the wind and no favored end) for quite a while brought back a number of what used to be routine activities to be remembered. For instance, I used to take the anchor forward with the anchor line outside the bow rail to make retrieving the line easier. I forgot and took the line inside the bow rail which caused some problems when it became time to pull up the anchor and head back to the dock. Judy and I had to review the hand

## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

signals used when setting and recovering the anchor (engine noise problem).

Then there was remembering to shut off the VHF and GPS before starting the engine to avoid the power surge that sometimes happens when starting the Diesel. The "Oh Yes" factor came to the fore. Happily none of the lapses in sequence were a major problem but the remembrance curve was quite steep for a bit. But the experience on a medium wind (10-12mph) day was a good one and we will do better next time.

The boat has a capped anchor rode hawser hole forward to avoid the stringing of rode forward on the deck of the boat. The two problems with the arrangement is the weight of 150' of nylon rode in the bow and the return of the rode (pushing wet line through a small hole) to the forward storage area (as well as the dampness caused by the wet line). Then the hawser hole is not large enough for the anchor chain and shackles. Hence the anchor and line is carried in the stern area of the cockpit. One can lower the anchor off the side and walk the rode forward to the bitt but it is difficult to retrieve the an-

chor from the side of the boat as the bow falls off to leeward and we end up with the boat broadside to the wind/wave conditions.

Thus I usually go forward to retrieve the anchor while Judy "nudges" the boat forward to reduce the strain on me as I pull in the line. Once the bow is over the anchor she puts the engine in neutral, leaves the wheel, and starts tailing in the line now on the fore-deck. Once the anchor is broken free of the bottom (we use the bow's up-and-down motion and the anchor bitt for this part of the operation) I walk back with the anchor and all is secure. The rode gets recoiled in the bucket when time permits. If we are moving to set a finish line at a different location, I tie off the anchor and leave it forward while Judy pulls the spare line back to the cockpit to make sure it does not go over the side and around the propeller.

Even with a walk-through windshield on our 16' powerboat, setting and retrieving the anchor was a problem. In that instance I installed a spring-loaded line reel under the bow of the boat and disconnected the anchor and chain from the line when the boat was not in use. The shackle that connected the rode to the chain just fitted in the hawser hole quite nicely. The spring reel wound the 100' of  $\frac{3}{8}$ " rode out of the way and, with the walk-through windshield, handling the anchor and chain was not that big of a deal.

The Sisu 26 requires heavier anchor, rode, and more chain for adequate holding in any sea condition. I use a Northill folding anchor and 8' of  $\frac{3}{8}$ " chain along with 150' of  $\frac{1}{2}$ " rode. This is a bit much to try and store forward. Hence the aft storage of the anchor, chain, and rode while underway.

On the other end of the boat is the ensign flown from a flag staff. The old "rule of thumb" is 1" of fly per 1' of waterline length of a boat. The approximate waterline length of our boat is 22'. Most flag manufacturers make flags in "standard" sizes. In our case we can go with a 12"x18" or a 16"x24" flag. One is a bit small and the other a bit large for the length of the boat. The available information on the subject suggests that we fly the next size up in the available sizes found in chandlery stores. Thus we will be flying a 16"x24" ensign. If we had a sailboat, the ensign would be flying about two-thirds up the leech when under sail. As it is we will fly the flag from the transom.

What brought the size and location of a flag on a boat to mind was a question raised about the size and location of the ensign flown at the Apalachee Bay Yacht Club from a gaff. When the flag pole was being put in place it was decided to go with the "yacht club" look. That is a flag pole with a yardarm and a gaff. The image is supposed to be one of the aft mast on a sailing ship with the ensign being flown from the gaff that carried the spanker. The Club's burgee is flown on a pig stick from the top of the pole on a separate halyard.

The question was "why was the burgee flying above the ensign contrary to the US Flag Code?" After some emails concerning the "place of honor" for the ensign (the gaff position) and forwarding a well-written piece on the subject by the US Power Squadrons' Etiquette and Flag Committee, the question was considered answered. Of course, like a lot of things "nautical," the information on flags and their location came from the days of square-rigged ships and the visibility of flags thereon.



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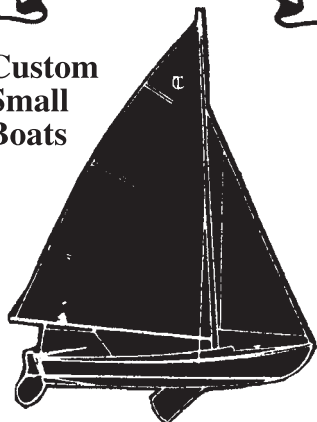
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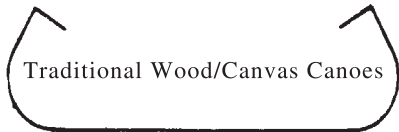
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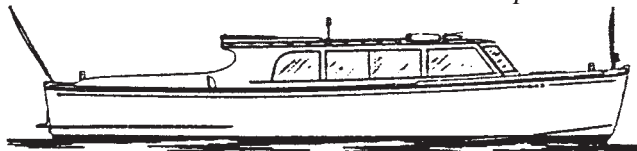


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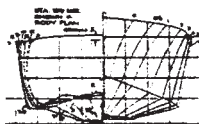
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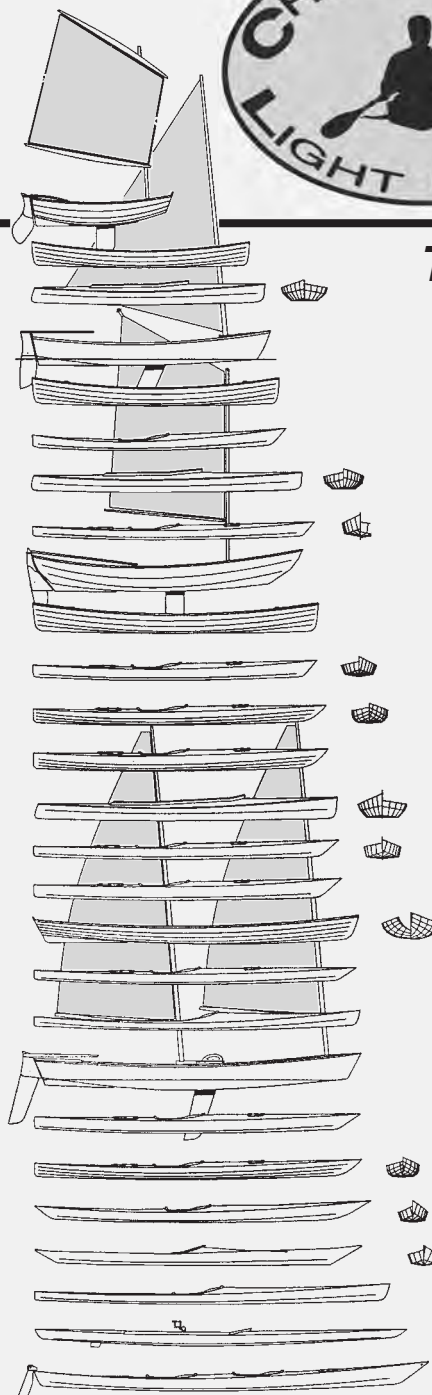
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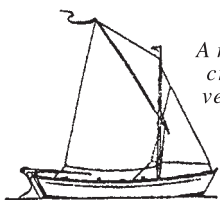
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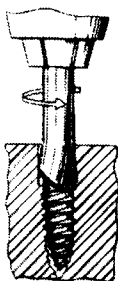


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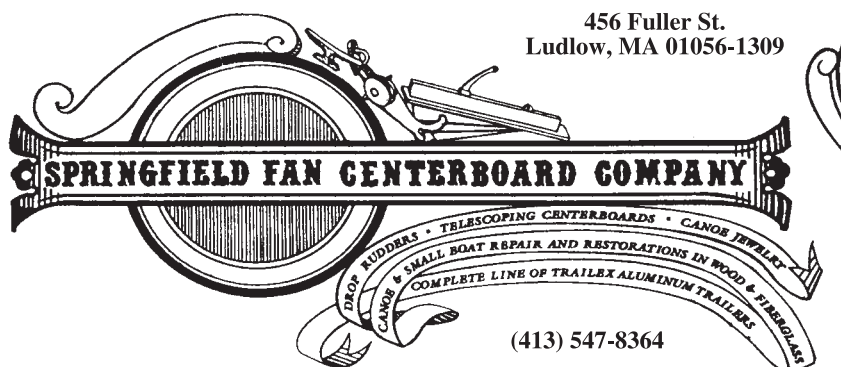
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**14' Little Gem Wood Skiff**, designed by Ken Swan. Professionally built 6 years ago, minimum water hours, meranti marine ply w/mahogany thwarts & transom, 2 rowing stations w/bronze oarlocks, spruce oars w/leathers, Danforth anchor, galv Loadrite trlr w/spare wheel, 4hp Suzuki long shaft o/b mostly fresh water use, new paint & varnish. Boat & equipment in exc shape. \$3,000.  
JIM MCQUAIDE, Edgecomb, ME, (207) 882-7239, [pnjmquaide@yahoo.com](mailto:pnjmquaide@yahoo.com) (10)



**16' CottonTail Unique Trapeze Dinghy**. Built '60, fg, incl main, jib & trlr. Rows well. Approx 300lbs. \$700.  
WAYNE THAYER, Crownsville, MD (410) 923-6960 (10)

**16' Wooden Catboat**, w/trlr. Many extras. Call for details. Make me an offer.  
RON GAGNON, Ashburnham, MA, (978) 827-6750 (10)

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to [maib.office@gmail.com](mailto:maib.office@gmail.com). No telephone ads please.



**13'8" Clark Craft**, built '05-'06, entire boat epoxy coated before paint and varnish, exterior w/10oz fg. '05 Mercury 25hp 2-cycle is a fish camp motor that I have not run, it ran one season in Canada and then was decommissioned. Tlr is '06 Load Rite w/tongue dolly. Boat/engine/trlr \$6,500.  
JOHN MANN, York, PA, (717) 845-7666, [jmann5@comcast.net](mailto:jmann5@comcast.net) (10)

**12' Chrysler Aluminum Skiff**, w/'09 2.5hp Nissan ob. Great trolling rig or camp boat. No trlr. \$825.  
ART BRUNT, Wolfeboro, NH (10)

**14' ComPac Picnic Catboat, '08**. Hull Reg. #US-ABV00266B808. As new, sailed 3 times & then put into temp controlled storage. White hull, forest green boat top, sail cover, custom fit cockpit cushions (tan/forest green piping), ss bow chocks, epoxy coated bottom & ablative anti-fouling paint, Magic Tilt galv trlr & mounted spare tire (tlr mileage 60-70). Replacement cost \$13,385 (incl \$850 freight to NY). Sell for \$8,900.  
DON MAHARAM, East Hampton, NY, (631) 324-0516 (10)

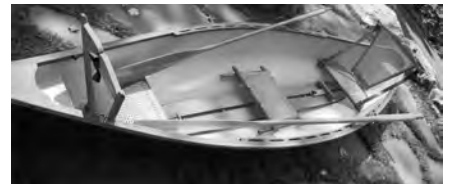
**15.8' FW Goeller Catboat, Sea Duck**, designed '06, built '60. Gd cond, newer cb trunk & rudder, tight. \$3,000  
WILLIAM HOBBS, Swampscott, MA, (978) 857-8848 (10)

**Folding Kayak**, 3 person w/paddles. \$250. **Peapod**, fg, 13'x58", 8' oars, well used but serviceable. \$200. W/PA titled Trailex ultralite trlr \$800.  
MARTIN KOKUS, Erie, PA, (814) 739-9029, [martinkokus@yahoo.com](mailto:martinkokus@yahoo.com) (10)

**Bolger Junebug**, 14'sharpie. Epoxy coated, glassed bottom, oars, professionally made sail, light use 3 years, too many boats. \$750.  
HARRY SAFTLAS, Emmetsburg, IA, (712) 298-1645 (9)



**26' Lyman Cruisette Hardtop**, '73. Mfg #RC1669 (only 1 more 26' hull built after this one). Chrysler 250. Fully equipped in 1<sup>st</sup> class cruising cond. Always docked & stored under cover. Original Lyman cradle mounted on 4-wheel trlr incl. Located northern MI. \$21,500. Full details on request.  
GIG STEWART, Conway, MI, (231) 347-6187, [gigstewart@yahoo.com](mailto:gigstewart@yahoo.com) (9)



**12' Vermont Packboat**, brand new, never used, inside storage, handmade in Vermont by Adirondack Guideboat, Inc. 12' 46lb boat is light, fast, safe, seaworthy & easy to row. 3 seats, will carry 2 adults & a child. Light enough for most women to carry. No need for a boat trailer, it comes with 4 custom rubber foam "bumpers" which attach to the edges of the boat allowing placement on top of a car & tie down w/supplied straps. Deluxe Model w/Kevlar/fiberglass hull, Kevlar reinforced skid plates to protect from hard landings & rocky shorelines, 3 caned cherry seats, cherry gunwales & decks, floorboards & footbrace, passenger's seat-back, rowers fancy seatback along with 7' cherry oars w/custom oar bag. Incl is a lockable tie-down yoke. \$2,500.  
WALT KEATING, Milton, VT, (802) 893-2067 (9)

**20' Balboa 20 Sailboat**, reqs mainsail, TLC & cosmetic care. W/lines, fenders, anchor, stand, trlr. \$1,200.  
JOHN V. KOMACKI, Waterbury, CT, (203) 753-4027 (10am-6pm). (9)

## BOATS WANTED

**Escape Sailboat**, in exc cond, w/trlr if possible.  
MAUREEN ENSIMINGER, Marion, KS (620) 382-8989 (9)

## SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**Sails:** 1 never used Magnum sailboard sail. 1 never used Tiga Sail. 1 never used Mistral sail. 1 never used Laser M Sail. 1 Marconi 55sf dinghy sail (blue and white) rope luff/ loose foot. 1 used red and white Sunfish sail (excellent condition). If you have a serious interest in any or all of the above, Please contact me.  
CHUCK DURGIN, 4 Millard Ave, Binghamton, NY 13905, [dur@aol.com](mailto:dur@aol.com) (10)

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## SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

**Mainsheet Rigging**, for a '70s McGregor 22 (or similar). Consists of swivel base w/upright block & camcleat, double block off boom, & 3rd block for the other side, for 5/16" or 3/8" line. Used or very used. Info appreciated also.  
HARRY SAFTLAS, Emmetsburg, IA, (712) 298 1645 (9)

## GEAR FOR SALE

**Free Building Molds**, for 14' Atkin skiff Maid and Emeline. Finished boat is available for inspection.  
JEFF HALL, Nahant, MA, (781) 581-1686 (10)

**Outboard Motors**, 2hp short-shaft Yamaha in exc running cond. \$275. 4hp long-shaft Yamaha in exc running cond. \$425. Both used only on sailboats very little each season & serviced at season's end. They are 10-12 years old w/45-50 hours tops on each. Orig tool kit & manual for 4hp in orig package.  
DON MAHARAM, East Hampton, NY, (631) 324-0516 (10)

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THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Road, Silver Spring, MD 20901. 877-637-7464, [www.messingabout.com](http://www.messingabout.com) (TFP)



**Ash Cleats Pair**, \$30 delivered.  
WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Road, Garden, MI 49835 (410)



**4cyl Gray Marine Engine**, Model 4-162 D.D. Exc running cond. Incl 14"x10" 3-blade prop. \$1,000.  
J. RENTNER, Crown Point, IN, (219) 662-0779 (9)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Hankinson Designs**, Barrelbacks, Tugs, Cruisers & more. Available exclusively from Glen-L Marine. Free online catalog at [www.BoatDesigns.com](http://www.BoatDesigns.com) (TFP)

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LARRY O. WILLIAMS, 454 Ember Rd, Shirley AR 7215, [hilow@artelco.com](mailto:hilow@artelco.com) (10)



**Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak**, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions. \$55. SASE for more info.  
ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256, West Mystic, CT 06388. (1209)

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GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, [www.Glen-L.com](http://www.Glen-L.com) (TFP)



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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

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## MISCELLANEOUS MARITIME RELATED WANTED

**Build a Livable Small Houseboat**, with me at your property on or near a lake, pond or river. I'm a retired Navy Veteran. Write or email me and I'll give details.  
WALTER HEAD, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC, 28692-9175, [houseboat42@wmconnect.com](mailto:houseboat42@wmconnect.com) (9)

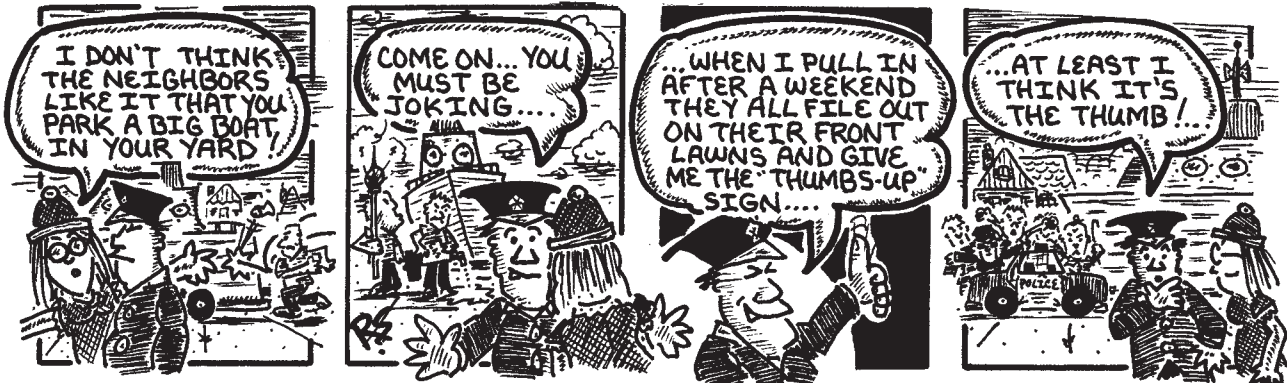
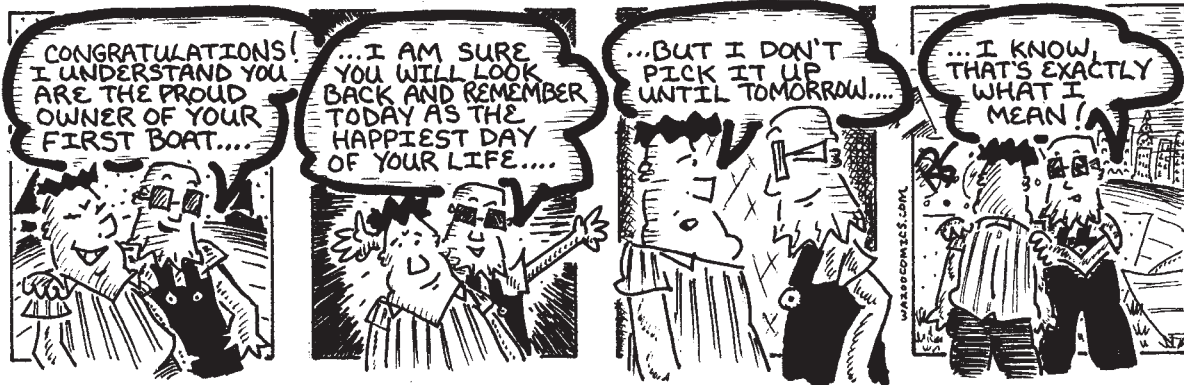
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**Beautiful Waterfront 2 Bedroom, 1st Floor Condo**, for rent in Stuart, Florida, with spectacular sunsets. Come and enjoy the Florida lifestyle in this active 55+ yacht club. Monthly rent is \$1100 with an annual lease. Dockage is available at only \$1.50/ft per month.  
MARY HUTCHINSON, Water Pointe Realty Group of Stuart, FL, (772) 220-4343 ext 208 (12)



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Locations are approximate....it's a little tough dialing in from outer space.

We, of course, are always looking to add a new star to the map.

From now till the end of the year we will be doing 3 shows down that way. They are:

- Oct 8-12 United States Sailboat Show  
Annapolis, MD
- Oct 15-18 United States Powerboat Show  
Annapolis, MD
- Nov 13-15 Waterfowl Festival, Easton, MD

For you west-coasters, don't forget, Sept 11-13 we will have our boats on display and in the water at the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival in Port Townsend, WA. We will also be making deliveries along the northern tier of the USA.

For no reason we can explain, sales are up 20% this year. One customer offered this possible explanation, "Well, the economy is in the toilet, we lost our jobs....might as well go fishing."

